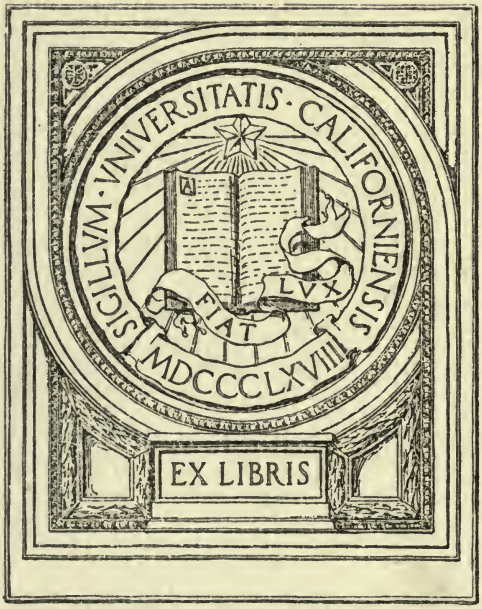
CANZONI
AND
SONGS OF WEDLOCK

T. A. DALY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CANZONI

BY T. A. DALY

McARONI BALLADS
MADRIGALI
CARMINA
CANZONI } One
SONGS OF WEDLOCK } Volume

CARLOTTA'S INDECISION *Page 7*

"O! com', see dees jew'ler store."

CANZONI

AND

SONGS OF WEDLOCK

BY

T. A. DALY

FRONTISPIECE BY

JOHN SLOAN

NEW YORK

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To
MY WIFE
AND CHILDREN

439199

CONTENTS

CANZONI

	PAGE
DA COMICA MAN	3
GOOD MORNING	5
CARLOTTA'S INDECISION	7
BALLADE TO THE WOMEN	9
IN THE AUGUST NIGHT	11
DA BLUE DEVIL	13
FATHER O'SHEA AND FATHER M'CREA	15
HEARTS APART	17
BALLADE OF THOSE PRESENT	18
LEETLA HUMPY JEEM	20
IF YOU WERE A BOY	22
A NEW PATRIOT	24
DOLCE FAR NIENTE	25
A DIXIE LULLABY	26
DA GREATA STRONGA MAN	27
THE "OUCHES"	29
FATHER DAN O'MALLEY	30
CONTENT	34
W'AT'SA USE?	35
KISS HER	37
DEAR UNSELFISH DAN	38
HER ANSWER	40
KITTY'S GRADUATION	41
AN ITALIAN KING	45
DA PRITTA LADY	47
A FROSTY MORNING	49
TO THE GROWLER	51
THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT	53

PAGE

AT CASTLE GARDEN 54
THE WISDOM OF THE SPARROWS 57
THE MODEST COLLEEN 59
THE OLD PARISHIONER 60
THE "BUILDING INSPECTOR" 62
THE IRISH BACHELOR 64
TO A PLAIN SWEETHEART 66
THE CONQUEST 67
A BOOK NOT "GIVABLE" 69
DA MUSICA MAN 73
THE "MODERATE DRINKER" 74
DA 'MERICANA GIRL 76
FAINT HEART 78
BALLADE OF FAMILY NAMES 79
DA STYLEESHA LADY 81
ALMOST 83
CAREY, THE KILL-JOY 85
A LESSON IN POLITICS 87
MISTLETOE AND HOLLY 89
HANDICAPPED 90
A FANCY NICOTIAN 92
UN LAZZARONE 94
BEDFELLOWS 96
THOSE DIRTY LITTLE FINGERS 98
DA YOUNGA 'MERICAN 100
NIGHT IN BACHELOR'S HALL 102
THE INDOMITABLE CELT 104
DA FAMILY MAN 105
DA FIGHTIN' IRISHMAN 106
THE SPOILED CHILD 108
DA STYLEESHA WIFE 110
THE KETTLE'S SONG OF HOME 111
TO THE ATHEIST 112
AT HOME 114
TO AN OLD LOVER 115
TREASURE-TROVE 117

PAGE

THE LITTLE BOY 118
ALL'S WELL 119
TO A VIOLINIST 121
TO THE CITY UNBEAUTIFUL 124
A SONG FOR FEBRUARY 126
THE BIRTH-MONTH 127
A SONG FOR JUNE 128
THE VETERAN MARCHING ALONE 130
THE BIRTH O' TAM O'SHANTER 133
SUMMER'S SWAN-SONG 139
A SUMMER IDYL 141
"ADA REHAN IS DEAD" 144
YESTERDAY'S RAIN 146
BALLADE OF THE SEA 148
THE SONG OF THE MARCH WIND 150
DARBY AND JOAN 151
THE VILLAGE POET 153
A SONG TO ONE 155

SONGS OF WEDLOCK

THE PERFECT SOLITUDE 159
WHEN DAY BEGINS 160
TO A THRUSH 161
THE JOURNEY 166
IN WINTRY WEATHER 167
INSCRIPTION FOR A FIREPLACE 169
THE MOTHER 170
A SONG FOR JANUARY 171
INSPIRATION 172
THE SANCTUM 173
PERENNIAL MAY 174
AT THE THRESHOLD 175
HER MUSIC 177
THE CITADEL 179
A SONG FOR AUGUST 181

PAGE

LOVE IS ETERNAL 182
THE QUEEN'S FLEETS 184
THE LIVING-ROOM 186
A SONG FOR NOVEMBER 188
TO THE INCONSTANT 189
THE GATES OF PARADISE 190
NOVEMBER 191
THE MAN'S PRAYER 193
A SONG FOR DECEMBER 194

CANZONI

DA COMICA MAN

GIACOBBE FINELLI so funny, O! My!
By tweestin' hees face an' by weenkin' hees eye
He maka you laugh teell you theenk you weell die.
He don't gotta say som'theeng; all he ees do
Ees maka da face an', how moocha you try,
You no can help laugh w'en he lookin' at you—
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!

I deeg een da tranch weeth Giacobbe wan day;
Giacobbe ees toss up da spadefulla clay,
An' beeg Irish boss he ees gat een da way!
Da boss he ees look at Giacobbe an' swear
So bad as he can, but Giacobbe, so sly,
He maka pretand he no see he was dere—
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!

But w'en da boss turn an' ees starta for go,
Giacobbe look up an' he mak' da face—So!
I laugh an' I laugh lika deesa—Ho! ho!

Da boss he com' back an' he poncha my head,
He smasha my nose an' he blacka my eye—
I no can help laugh eef I gona be dead.
Giacobbe Finelli so funny, O! My!

GOOD MORNING

DAY dawns, and bids the blushing sky
"Good morning!"
The flute-voiced birds take up the cry:
"Good morning!"
And nearer home, beneath the eaves,
The gnarled old maple's tender leaves
That shivered in the midnight rain,
Now whisper at my window-pane:
"Good morning!"
The genial sun peeps o'er the hill
And laughs across my window sill.
Eyes quiver under sleepy lids—
This is the King himself who bids
"Good morning!"

I rise and ope the window wide.
The sun-kissed breezes charge and ride
Straight through the breach in merry rout,
And scale the walls and fairly shout:
"Good morning!"
They make me captive to the King,
They pluck at me and bid me sing
Their paean to the Golden Day,
Whose conquering slogan is their gay
"Good morning!"

They frolic here, they scamper there,
They clutch the singing birds in air,
On all the world their music beats
Until the captive world repeats:
"Good morning!"
Heart calls to heart. The surly wight,
Who scorned his neighbor yesternight,
With smiling visage stops to greet
That neighbor in the busy street:
"Good morning!"

O! joyous day! O! smile of God,
To hearten all who toil and plod;
We hail thee, Conqueror and King!
We hug our golden chains and sing:
"Good morning!"

CARLOTTA'S INDECISION

I WOULD lika mooch to know
Why Carlotta treat me so.
Evra time I ask eef she
Ees gon' marry weetha me,
First she smila, den she frown,
Den she look me up an' down,
Den she shak' her head an' say:
"I gon' tal you Chrees'mas Day."

Once w'en we are out for walk
An' I am begin to talk,
She say: "Don'ta speak no more.
O! com', see dees jew'ler store.
My! jus' look dat di'mon' reeng!
Eet ees justa sweetes' theeng!
Only seexa-feefty, see?"

Dat's da way she teasa me,
Findin' theengs for talka 'bout
Jus' for mak' me shut my mout'.
Bimeby w'en she turn for go
I say: "Com', I musta know—"
"O!" she stamp her foot an' say:
"I gon' tal you Chrees'mas Day."

I would lika mooch to know
Why Carlotta treat me so.
W'ata for she always say:
" I gon' tal you Chrees'mas Day "?

BALLADE TO THE WOMEN

THE poets, extolling the graces
Of sweet femininity, pay
Particular court, in most cases,
To Phyllis or Phoebe or Fay.
"A toast to the ladies!" they say—
As "ladies" they always address them—
And bid us bow down to them. Nay!
We sing the plain "women," God bless them!

Though light-o'-loves, frail as the laces
And satins in which they array
The charms of their forms and their faces,
Are "ladies" for their little day,
The feet of such idols are clay.
Our wives, when we come to possess them,
Must loom to us larger than they.
We sing the plain "women," God bless them!

Sweet creatures who make the home-places
As cheerful and bright as they may,
Whose feminine beauty embraces
A heart to illumine the way,
Though skies may be ever so gray;
Good mothers, whose children caress them
And hail them as chums at their play—
We sing the plain "women," God bless them!

ENVOY

O! Queen, teach the "ladies," we pray,
Whenever vain notions oppress them,
Though idly their charms we survey,
We sing the plain "women," God bless them!

IN THE AUGUST NIGHT

THE day is done, with all the heat
That swathed the swooning city.
The dusk that falls so cool and sweet
Is doubly sweet with pity.

To those the blazing sun oppressed,
What time he played the hector,
The night-wind comes from out the west,
A Hebe bearing nectar.

Impartially she gives to all
A blessed draught ecstatic;
The ennuyé in pleasure's hall,
The sick child in the attic.

She seeks the squalid haunts of sin,
With gentle self-abasement,
She steals with inspiration in
The poet's open casement.

I watch the pensive poet there,
Beside his window dreaming.
To him the night, so calm and fair,
With rhapsodies is teeming.

Up through the fields of twinkling spheres
His raptured soul is winging,
And in his fancy's flight he hears
The very heavens singing.

Sing, poet! Sing the night-wind's song,
And weave your fancies through it;
Some heart, world-weary, in the throng
Will beat responsive to it.

DA BLUE DEVIL

SOM'TIME w'en I no feela good
An' beezaness ees flat,
I gat so blue I weesh I could
Be justa dog or cat.
W'en evratheeng ees gona wrong
An' I mus' feex eet right,
I gat deesgust' for work so long
An' theenk would be delight
For be a leetla cat, baycause
Da only work she do
Ees wash her face an' leeck her paws,
An' after dat she through.
Eef you be dog you jus' can go
For sleepin' een da sun,
An' you don't gat a wife, you know,
For aska you for mon'.
Eet's mak' no odds how you behave
Eef you are animal;
You don't gat any soul to save,
An' when you die, dat's all!
O! my, how easy kind of life
For justa nevva mind,
To run away an' leave your wife
An' evratheeng bayhind!

Dees ees da way I feela w'en
I'm blue, but, alla same,
W'en I am feel all right agen
Eet mak'sa me ashame'.
W'en devil gat eenside o' me
For mak' me feel like dat,
I guess I would not even be
A decen' dog or cat.

FATHER O'SHEA AND FATHER McCREA

YE might search the world's ends,
But ye'd find no such friends
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.
Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea;
An' O! such a volley o' fun they were pokin',
The wan at the other, as good as a play,
Wid their ready replies an' their innocint jokin',
When Father O'Shea met Father McCrea.

Now, upon a March Sunday it came for to pass
Good Father McCrea
Preached a very fine sermon an' then, afther Mass,
Met Father O'Shea.
" 'Twas a very appropriate sermon for Lent
Ye delivered this minute.
For the season o' fastin' 'twas very well meant—
I could find no meat in it! "
Said Father O'Shea.

Then, quick as the laughther that gleamed in his eye,
Good Father McCrea

Raised a finger o' protest an' made his reply
To Father O'Shea.
" Faith, I'll have to be workin' a miracle next,
To comply wid your wishes.
Dare you ask me for meat, my dear sir, when the text
Was ' the loaves an' the fishes '? "
Said Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea;
Though ye'd search the world's ends
Ye would find no such friends
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.

HEARTS APART

TO count the days until we twain
May read each other's eyes again,
And dwell once more in Arcady,
Is all my joy away from thee—
Is all my joy and all my pain.

When leaden-footed minutes wane
To hours that burden heart and brain,
'Twere but a useless agony
To count the days,
Did thy most gracious heart not deign
To bid my own heart entertain
The hope of better things to be;
Did I not know thy constancy
And that, until we meet again,
Two count the days.

BALLADE OF THOSE PRESENT

TO the papers whose trade is supplying
The news in a gossipy way,
All the workaday world should be hieing,
Its compliments grateful to pay.
How kind to the public are they
When they publish our names in their pleasant
Descriptions of ball or soirée
As "among the most prominent present!"

When we sit at the banquet board, trying
To tickle our palates blasé,
Comes a thought that is more gratifying
Than all the Lucullan array;
More sweet than the sherry's bouquet,
Or the flavor of succulent pheasant—
The thought of appearing next day
As "among the most prominent present."

Since the common folk simply are dying
To know what we do or we say,
It were really a shame our denying
To them all the pleasure we may.
Then the news let the papers convey
To the shopman, mechanic and peasant,
Noting *us* at the dance or the play
As "among the most prominent present."

ENVOY

St. Peter, receive us, we pray,
When we've done with this world evanescent,
Assigning us places for aye
As "among the most prominent present."

LEETLA HUMPY JEEM

DA 'Merican boys eesa vera bad lot,
Dey steala peanutta, banan',
An' evratheeng gooda for eatin' I got,
An' mak' all da troubla dey can.
I gotta be keepin' awak' weeth both eye
An' watch alla time for a treeck,
An' gotta be queecka for runnin' an' try
To spanka deir pants weetha steeck.
Ees wan o' dees boys dat ees call " Humpy Jeem,"
An' justa wors' wan in da pack,
But how am I gona gat madda weeth heem?
He gotta da hump on da back.

Ees only a poor leetla keed an' so weak,
An' I am so beeg an' so strong,
I no can gat mad an' I not even speak
For tal heem how moocha ees wrong.
Eet maka heem laugha baycause eet ees fun
For reach weeth hees theen leetla han'
An' grabbin' a coupla peanutta an' run
So fas' as hees skeenny legs can.
So always I maka pretand I no see
How moocha peanutta he tak'.
I guess I would like som' wan do dat for me
Eef I gotta hump on da back.

Da beeg Irish cop ees say: "Poor leetla Jeem!
Ees better for heem if he croke."
I tal you eef som'theeng no happen to heem
I guess pretta soon I be broke.
I no like to theenkin' bad luck, but O! my!
I weeshin' for evra one's sak'
Dey soon gat an angela up in da sky
Dat gotta da hump on da back.

IF YOU WERE A BOY

IF you were a boy this morning,
I wonder what you would do?
Was ever a day more perfect,
Was ever the sky more blue?
I'm speaking to you, grave senior.
I noticed you as you went,
Hot-footing it into the city,
To add to your cent. per cent.
I noticed your sober manner,
Your very important looks,
And I noticed your boy beside you,
The schoolboy with his books.
I saw—and you saw—where the river
Sweeps down to the " swimmin'-hole,"
Another boy playing " hookey "—
A boy with a fishing-pole.

If you were a boy this morning,
I wonder what you would do?
I saw you stooping to whisper
A word to the boy with you.
It seemed to me then you told him
That the truant boy was a fool,
That nothing ripens manhood
Like the moments spent in school.

With the fresh blue sky above you
  And the green fields under it,
How dare you utter such nonsense!
  O! liar and hypocrite?
If you were a boy this morning,
  A boy with a heart and soul,
You'd be, in spite of a licking,
  The boy with the fishing-pole.

A NEW PATRIOT

EES no so hard for Dago man
To be a gooda 'Merican.
Too dumb, too slow, you theenka me,
But I am sharpa 'nough for see
Da firsta theeng dat you mus' know
Ees how to speak da Inglaice, so
Dat you can wave your hat an' say:
"Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray!"

Eef you are smarta 'Merican
You try for skeen som' udder man,
Baycause you know dat he weell do
Da sama kinda treecks weeth you.
But you are good as heem an' he
Ees jus' so good as you an' me,
So long we all stan' up an' say:
"Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray!"

For land dat I was leevin' een
Da flag ees redda, whita, green.
So alla w'at I gotta do
Ees jus' forgat da green for blue.
I skeen you eef I gatta chance,
But dat ees mak' no deeferance.
I gooda 'Merican, an' say:
"Da redda, whita, blue! Hooray!"

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

THERE'S lazy clouds a-driftin'
In the lazy sky o' June,
An' Nature's just in keepin'
With this lazy afternoon.
I've strolled out through the meaders
To this pleasant little nook,
An' I'm loafin' in the shadders,
An' a-listenin' to the brook.
But I ain't a bit contented—
Not a bit, an' that's a fac'—
For I can't help a-thinkin'
Of the long walk back.

The little brook's a-singin'
Kinder lazy-like an' low,
An' it's mighty cool an' restin'
Where its crystal waters flow.
An' its singin' charms a feller,
An' it seems ter say to him
As he's layin' nigh a-dozin':
"Don't yer wanter take a swim?"
Now there's nothin' I like better
Than to take a swim, but then
There's the trouble of a-puttin'
On yer clothes again.

A DIXIE LULLABY

O! DE sun quit a-shinin' fo' dis arternoon,
De possum in de gum-tree mighty still,
An' de old San'-Man jump off f'um de moon
W'en hit done come obah de hill.
An' he come erlong totin' a baig full o' san'
Fo' ter frow inter pickaninnies' eyes,
An' he teck dem erway to de sweet slumber-lan'
Fo' ter stay 'twell de nex' sun-rise.

So g'long wif de San'-Man, deah,
De good Lawd keep
Yo' w'ile yo' sleep,
An' yo' mammy'll 'wait yo' heah.

O! he'll teck yo' up on a bright moon-ray
An' he'll rock yo' on a cloud in de skies,
An' he'll keep yo' dar 'twell de break o' day,
So, mah honey, jes' close yo' eyes;
'Less de moon go down in de far-off west,
An' outer de dahk swamp-lan'
De bad Boogy-Man come out ob he nest
An' skeer off de good San'-Man.

So g'long wif de San'-Man, deah,
De good Lawd keep
Yo' w'ile yo' sleep,
An' yo' mammy'll 'wait yo' heah.

DA GREATA STRONGA MAN

YOU oughta see my Uncla Joe
W'en he ees gatta mad.
He ees da strongest man I know
W'en som' wan treat heem bad.
Hees eye eet flash like blazin' coal,
An' w'en he ope hees mout'
He growla like you theenk hees soul
Ees turna eenside out.
He eesa gat so stronga den
An' swell so big an' fat,
Eet gona taka seexa men
For justa hold hees hat.

You oughta see my Uncla Joe
W'en he ees mad weeth you.
You bat my life! den you will know
I eesa speaka true.
He gat so strong eenside of heem
Eet mak' your hearta freeze,
An' eef he looka at som' cream
Eet turna eento cheese.
Den you weell run, you bat my life!
So fast as you can go,
An' throw away your gun or knife.
Ha! strong man, Uncla Joe.

. . . . .

You oughta see my Uncla Joe!
Eet w'at you call "surprise."
Las' night beeg Irish ponch heem so
Eet close up bot' hees eyes.
O! my! he eesa looka bad;
Mus' be ees som'theeng wrong,
Baycause w'en Uncla Joe ees mad
He always been so strong.
I guess dees Irish heet his blow
So queecka an' so rough
He no geeve time to Uncla Joe
For gatta mad enough.

THE "OUCHES"

THE "Ouches" is the queerest crew
On earth, or anywhere.
They al'ays live inside o' you
An' you don't know they're there.
For jist as long as you are nice
An' good as you kin be
They'll stay as quiet an' still as mice,
Fur they're asleep, ye see.
But sometimes when you git a bump
'At makes you kind o' mad,
It wakes an Ouch! an' out he'll jump,
An' 'at's a sign you're bad.

Most Ouches makes your throat their home,
Or, leastways, one appears
Right there when mother starts to comb
Your hair or wash your ears.
An' funny thing about 'em, too,
My mother tells about,
An Ouch can't do no harm in you
If you don't let it out.
So if you really truly care
To be the boy you should,
Jist shut your mouth an' keep 'em there,
An' 'at's a sign you're good.

FATHER DAN O'MALLEY

WHIN Father Dan O'Malley came as curate
to St. Ann's,
There was work in Dublin Alley layin' ready to
his han's.
Aye! 'twas work o' sich a nature that no common
man could do,
Fur, indade, the only t'acher that the Alley gos-
soons knew
Was the Divil that was lurkin' in the badness of
their hearts,
And it's never aisy wurkin' fur to strive agin his
arts.
But although he's cute, fur, sure, it is the Divil's
trade to schame,
Ye can trust an Irish curate fur to bate him at his
game.
There was little dilly-dally in the layin' out of
plans
Whin Father Dan O'Malley came as curate to
St. Ann's.

Now, the trouble jisht was layin' in the fact that
as a rule

The gossoons thought more of playin' than of goin' to Sunda' school.
Ev'ry plisant Sunda' mornin', faith, ye'd find thim at their game,
Nor could any threat or warnin' make thim feel a sinse o' shame.
An' of all the little divils that desp'iled the holy day,
The ringleader of their rivvels was that rascal, Paddy Shea.
He could set a top a-spinnin' till ye'd think 'twould never stop,
An' the marbles he was winnin' would have aisy stocked a shop.
Not a soul in Dublin Alley 'd won a vict'ry from his han's
Till Father Dan O'Malley came as curate to St. Ann's.

Father Dan was big an' jolly, wid a heart that filled his chist,
An' a smile that it was folly fur ye tryin' to resist.
Well, it took a bare half-hour of one Sunda' morn in May
Fur to dimonstrate his power over roguish Paddy Shea.

Though the bells had rung their rally to the Sunda' school, the hall
Showed no lad of Dublin Alley had appeared at all, at all.
Father Dan wint out a-gunnin' fur the rogues that stayed away,
An' the rascals started runnin', but he captured Paddy Shea.
Thin it was that Dublin Alley passed from out the Divil's han's,
Fur Father Dan O'Malley now was curate at St. Ann's.

"Now, me boy," sez he to Paddy, "you're the champeen player here,
So you'll play wid me, me laddie, jisht to make yer title clear;
Is it marbles ye've been playin'? Well, we'll start again to play,
But you'll bend yer knees to prayin' whin I've licked ye, Paddy Shea.
Come along, you rogue! Your luck'll not avail ye now to win.
Whisht! More power to me knuckle, 'tis the Church's work it's in."
From the very first beginnin' Father Dan outplayed the lad,

An' he wasn't long in winnin' ev'ry marble that
he had.
After that the Dublin Alley lads was putty in
the han's
Of Father Dan O'Malley, who is curate at St.
Ann's.

So the Sunda' school is crowded to the doors this
blessed day,
Fur the lads had lost their marbles to the skill of
Paddy Shea,
An' the leader o' the Alley has in turn throwed up
his han's
To Father Dan O'Malley, who is curate at St.
Ann's.

CONTENT

ALONG about this time o' year,
The while I set a-blinkin'
In the warm sunshine here,
I always git to thinkin'
The old farm ain't so bad a place,
But what I feel some pity
Fur the dumb fools thet's in the race
Fur gold down in the city.
You don't ketch me a-praying God
To better my position.
I only want my fishin'-rod
An' time to go a-fishin'.
I got a shirt, a pair o' pants,
Coat, hat, an' appetite;
I know the fish, an' all their ha'nts
An' when they're like to bite.
An' all the clo'es I want is what
Will keep off chill an' shiver,
While I'm a-settin' in this spot—
The best along the river.
Ketch me a-combin' of my hair
An' wearin' cuffs an' collars!
I wouldn't be a millionaire
Fur seven hundred dollars!

W'AT'SA USE?

W'AT'SA use for gattin' mad
Jus' baycause you feela bad?
You gon' feela worse an' worse
Eef you gona stop an' curse
Evra time ees som'theeng wrong.
You no gotta leeve so long.
Wan, two, t'ree, four year, bimeby,
Mebbe so you gona die.
So ees best from day to day
Maka sunshine weetha hay.
Don't be gattin' madda while
You can hava time to smile.
W'at'sa use?

Padre Smeeth he tal me, too,
Justa like I tal to you.
Wan day he ees say, "Hallo!
W'at ees mak' you growla so?
Evra time you gatta mad
Eet ees mak' Diablo glad.
Justa laugh an' don'ta care,
Den you mak' Diablo swear."
Smila now an' den bimeby

You can smila w'en you die.
Growla now an' you weell yal
Weeth Diablo down een—wal
W'at'sa use?

KISS HER

SAY, young man! if you've a wife,
Kiss her.
Every morning of your life,
Kiss her.
Every evening when the sun
Marks your day of labor done,
Get you homeward on the run—
Kiss her!

Even though you're feeling bad,
Kiss her.
If she's out of sorts and sad,
Kiss her.
Act as if you meant it, too;
Let the whole true heart of you
Speak its ardor when you do
Kiss her.

If you think it's "soft," you're wrong.
Kiss her.
Love like this will make you strong.
Kiss her.
If you'd strike with telling force
At the Evil of Divorce,
Just adopt this simple course:
Kiss her.

DEAR UNSELFISH DAN

MOST every one that knowed our Dan
Agreed he was the kindest man
They ever see. He had the knack
Of takin' on his own broad back
The burdens an' the slaps and pokes
Belonged by rights to other folks.
If any one was in distress
An' went to Dan, he'd say: "I guess
We'll pull you out all right; let's see,
Suppose you leave all that to me."

Was nothin' finer than the way
He cared for poor old Uncle Jay,
Who was the most unlucky han'
For havin' trouble with his lan'
'Bout taxes, or the early spring
Plowin', or some other thing
That plumb upsot the poor old man.
Then, in the nick o' time, our Dan
Steps in, and sez, "Don't fret," sez he,
"Suppose you leave all that to me."

It got to be that Uncle Jay
He couldn't git along no way
Without our Dan, an' our Dan he

Jest cared fur him unselfishly.
An' when the old man come to die
Our Dan, o' course, was right close by.
Sez Uncle Jay: "I'm worrit, Dan,
'Bout what's to come of all my lan'
An' all my money out at loan,
An' in the bank, when I am gone."
Then Dan, he ups an' sez, sez he:
"Suppose you leave all that to me."

HER ANSWER

"DEAR Nell," he wrote, "these violets
I've made so bold to send to you
Shall be my mute ambassadors;
And each shall tell how deep and true
The sender's love is, craving yours
For him. What messengers more meet?
Are they not typical of you,
They are so sweet?"

"Dear Jack," she wrote, "your violets
Have just this moment been received.
Their message took me by surprise,
'Twas something scarce to be believed.
I send my answer back with them;
What fitter messengers for you?
So typical of how you'll feel—
They are so blue!"

KITTY'S GRADUATION

DUBLIN ALLEY jisht was crazy, jubilation was the rule,
Chewsday week whin Kitty Casey won the honors at the school.
Sure, the neighbors had been waitin', all impatient of delay,
For to see her graduatin' on that most important day.
Eddication is a power, an' we owned wid one accord
Casey's girl's the sweetest flower ever blossomed in the ward,
Whin, wid dress white as the daisy, but wid cheeks that shamed the rose,
We beheld wee Kitty Casey in her graduation clo'es.

Now, this Casey loved his daughther in a most indulgent way,
An' he spent his gold like wather for her graduation day.
Sich a dale of great preparin'! Sure, ye'd think she was a bride;
Sorra hair was Casey carin' for a blessed thing beside.

For whin Casey once comminces, faith, he niver
stops at all,
An' he dressed her like a princess at a Coronation
Ball.
An' 'twas Madame Brigette Tracy for dressmaker
that he chose,
For to fit out Kitty Casey in her graduation
clo'es.

Of dressmakers, now, the oddest was this one
that Casey'd got,
For her bill-heads called her "Modiste," though
the prices there did not.
"But," sez Casey, "I can stan' it for to pay a
few more cints,
So jisht go ahead an' plan it, ma'am, raygardless
of ixpinse."
"Bong Moonseer," sez she, "I'll try it if she
have the 'savoir fair.'"
"As fur that," sez Casey, "buy it, wid the other
things she'll wear."
So ye see the man was crazy for to get the best
that goes
For his little Kitty Casey in her graduation
clo'es.

All the women jisht were itchin' for to see her
gettin' dressed,
Some were crowded in the kitchen an' the stair-
way, while the rest,
The most favored ones, wint rushin' to the livin'
room above,
Where stood Mrs. Casey blushin' wid a mother's
pride an' love.
"Oh!" sez she, "'twould be a pity if I couldn't
schame an' plan
So that Kitty'd look as pritty as Mag Ryan's
Mary Ann."
"Tut! ye needn't be onaisy," sez a neighbor.
"Goodness knows,
There'll be none like Kitty Casey in her grad-
uation clo'es."

An' there's really no denyin', whin they marched
into the hall
Kitty Casey pushed the Ryan girl complately to
the wall.
Whin she made her prize oration an' they gave
her her degree,
There was sich a dimonstration as ye'll niver live
to see,
For the men from Dublin Alley voiced their feel-
in's in a cheer

Like they utther whin they rally in a Dimmy-
cratic year,
An' of Casey's proudest days he counts that best
of all he knows
Which beheld his Kitty Casey in her graduation
clo'es.

AN ITALIAN KING

I AM so good for evratheeng
I oughta be electa Keeng!
Ees no som'body else at all
So strong like me, so beeg, so tall,
An' no som'body else can do
So greata theengs like I can, too.
How mooch you try you no can be
So fina bigga man like me.
You bat my life! I oughta gat
A crown for wear eenside my hat,
An' makin' all da style I can,
Baycause I am so granda man.
All dees ees true. Eh? how I know?
My leetla boy he tal me so.

You maka fun weeth me an' tease,
An' call me " Dago " eef you please;
An' mebbe so I what you call
" No good for anytheeng at all,"
An' you weell theenk you speaka true
Baycause eet looka so tó you.
Wal, mebbe som' time you are right,
But not w'en I gat home at night.

Ha! dat'sa time dat I am Keeng
An' I am good for evratheeng!
I know; baycause Patricio,
My leetla boy, he tal me so.

DA PRITTA LADY

EES playnta reecha ladies com'
By dees peanutta-stan';
I like to watcha dem, for som'
Ees looka justa gran'.
Dey got so fina hat an' dress,
An' evratheeng so clean,
Most any Keeng be proud, I guess,
For calla one hees Queen.
Beeg Irish cop say: "Looka dat!
I tal you she's a peach!
Dat's kinda wife a man can gat
Eef he ees only reech."
I theenk of Angela, my wife,
An' weesha: "My, O! my,
Eef she like dat, you bat my life,
I would be satisfi'."

But den I theenk, su'pose my wife
Was beautiful like dees;
I would be frighten of my life
To aska her for keess.
I would be scare' to hug her so
Like w'at I always do
To Angela, baycause, you know,
She mebbe bust in two.

Baysides, my Angela she gat
  My baby at her breas';
Eet mighta not be lika dat
  Eef she was reech, I guess.
No reecha lady coulda be
  So pritta eef she try,
Like Angela ees look to me,
  So I am satisfi'.

A FROSTY MORNING

I LOVE these frosty mornings,
When all the outer air
Is tingling with a freshness
And vim beyond compare.

The north-wind in the tree-tops
Proclaims the coming dawn,
And sends the crisp leaves rattling
Across the frozen lawn.

From some adjacent farmyard
A watchful chanticleer,
With raucous, joyous crowing
Assails the atmosphere.

Then, nearer home, a watchdog,
Awakened from his sleep,
Gives voice to his resentment
In tones prolonged and deep.

A wagon, bound for market,
Goes creaking down the road.
I hear the axles groaning
Beneath the heavy load.

The light grows at my window,
And on the pane, I see,
Jack Frost has limned a picture
Of silvery tracery.

Now, from the servants' stairway,
Slow feet descend the hall;
And then a kitchen shutter
Bangs out against the wall.

I love, these frosty mornings,
To note these things, and then—
To draw the bed-clothes closer.
And go to sleep again.

TO THE GROWLER

BE patient! Be a Christian and forbear
To objurgate the Weather-man and swear
Because the sting of winter's in the air.
Do you remember
Those days in June, a few short months ago,
Whose scorching heat oppressed and baked you so,
And made you yearn the blest relief to know
Of cool September?
And when September came and in its train
Brought days of frost and days of sodden rain,
Good gracious! how you kicked and growled again!
Do you remember?

Those summer days will soon have come once more,
And you'll forget how bitterly you swore
At all the winter weather gone before.
Will you remember,
When you are sweltering in mid-July,
The flakes, frost-feathered, that were wont to fly
From out the windy reaches of the sky,
This past December?

Meantime, if you should die and you should get
Your just desserts, with O! what vain regret,
These winter days (because they're *cold* and *wet*)
You will remember!

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT

HE'S a-comin', he's a-comin'!
An' he sets the town a-buzz.
Though they ain't as many of 'im
As what they useter wuz.
He's a-growin' more important
Jest because he's dyin' out.
The G. A. R.'s a-comin',
" Hats off! " along the rout'.

He's a-comin', he's a-comin'!
An' a grateful people tries
To bring the light o' gladness
To the old-time fighter's eyes.
So the old flag waves above 'im,
An' he hears the people shout:
" The G. A. R.'s a-comin',
Hats off along the rout'! "

He's a-marchin', he's a-marchin'!
There's a reminiscent touch
Of his bearin' in the " Sixties "
In the way he slings his crutch,
As he marches ever onward
To the last Great Muster-out.
The G. A. R.'s a-comin'!
" Hats off! " along the rout'.

AT CASTLE GARDEN

HERE'S a whole ship-load of sweet femininity—
Girls of the Sod!
Faith! but I'm glad to be in the vicinity.
Here with me hod,
Mortar and bricks have engaged me this solid day.
O! but I wish I was dressed fur a holiday!
Wouldn't I show ye the taste of a jolly day,
Girls of the Sod?

Let me stand by in this workaday guise of mine,
Girls of the Sod,
O! but the sight of ye moistens these eyes of mine.
Isn't it odd?
Maybe the view of yer solemn processional
Out of the ship, as it were a confessional,
Carries my heart in a tour retrogressional
Back to the Sod.

O! I am thinkin' 'twas jisht a mistake of ye
L'avin' the Sod.
All that is best ye have left in the wake of ye,
There where ye trod
Fields that were full of the sweetness that's blessin' ye

Fresh with the breezes so fond of caressin' ye—
O! but there's many a heart will be missin' ye,
Girls of the Sod!

There ye reaped joy if ye only were knowin' it,
Here 'twill be odd
If what ye're reapin' will pay ye fur sowin' it,
Girls of the Sod.
Arrah! No wonder ye're lookin' so serious,
This is a country to make ye delirious,
Toilin' an' moilin' to serve the imperious
Mammon, its god.

Listen to me an' I'll have the whole crowd of ye
Back to the Sod,
Back to the valleys that love and are proud of ye,
Girls of the Sod!
Ireland needs ye, her love that has girt ye there
Yearns fur ye still an' will l'ave nothin' hurt ye there.
Gold isn't counted like goodness and virtue there,
Thanks be to God!

Still if there's wan of ye bent upon tarryin',
Girls of the Sod,
Did I not mintion the merits o' marryin'
I'd be a clod.

So if ye're needin' the love of a merry man,
Merry but sober, a dacint young Kerry man,
Faith, I could whishper the name of the very man—
Give me a nod!

THE WISDOM OF THE SPARROWS

'TWAS a city sparrow, wise and debonair,
Idly loafing through the country with his mate.
Stupid country birds were building everywhere,
For the nesting-time was growing very late,
But the sparrow, with his lady,
In a tree-top, cool and shady,
Gazed with scorn upon the work and twittered:
"Stuff!"
To his mate he chirruped shrilly:
"Isn't all this labor silly,
When a roosting-place at night is quite enough?"

'Twas a motherly old robin, near at hand,
Who was busy at her building with the rest,
And she turned upon the sparrows to demand
How they meant to hatch their eggs without a nest.
"Such impertinence!" half sadly
Said the sparrow; "and yet gladly
I'll impart to you the knowledge that you beg."
Then, with haughty condescension,
He remarked: "I need but mention
That it's possible to obviate the egg."

'Twas a congress of the birds of every sort,
All indignantly assembled to protest
Their displeasure, when the robin made report
Of the threatened abolition of the nest;
And they spoke of it as "awful!"
"Selfish," "scandalous," "unlawful,"
And they prophesied "the country's speedy fall."
But the sparrows, quite disdaining
All this ignorant complaining,
Simply went their way, unmindful of it all.

'Twas a sage old owl, a very solemn bird,
Sat and listened while his feathered fellows fought.
Never once he oped his mouth to say a word,
But he did a lot of thinking—and he thought:
"So the sparrows think it best
To abolish eggs and nest.
Well, perhaps the wisdom isn't theirs at all,
But a plan of good Dame Nature's
To eliminate such creatures.
Let them have their way; the loss is mighty small."

THE MODEST COLLEEN

IF I should sing of "Mary"
Don't think that that's her name.
My colleen bawn's conthrary
And doesn't care for fame.
She sez 'twould make her fidget
To see her name in print,
So I can't sing of —Murther!
I nearly gev a hint!

She likes to watch me writin'
A sonnet to her eyes,
In poethry recitin'
The love that in me lies,
But holds one rosy digit,
Resthrainin' of me pen,
For fear I'll mintion—Musha!
I almost wrote it then.

So whin the names of Nora,
An' Nell an' Kate, betimes,
Or Mary, Rose or Dora
Are mintioned in me rhymes,
They mean that modest midget,
That charmin' little elf,
Whose name is—O! I'll l'ave ye
To guess her name yerself.

THE OLD PARISHIONER

THE graybeard glories in the past
And prates of "good old days."
These times are out of joint, he growls,
And sneers at modern ways.
He shakes his head at every move
That's up-to-date and new,
And everything you do is just
The thing you shouldn't do.
It's: "Mercy save us! Look at that!
We're slidin' back, I fear.
The parish isn't what it was
Whin Father Mack was here."

"The weddin's now are not as fine
As weddin's used to be,
An', faith, they're not so numerous
At all, at all," says he.
"Then, christ'nin's, too, were plentiful
An' carried out wid style;
'Twould warm your heart to see them there
A-crowdin' up the aisle.
An' sermons! How the crowds would come
To listen! Dear, O! dear,
The parish isn't what it was
Whin Father Mack was here."

Yet, from a study of the rolls
And records, 'twould appear
The parish claimed but fifty souls
When Father Mack was here.

THE "BUILDING INSPECTOR"

WHEN ground is broken on the site
For your new church, some busy wight
Is certain to assume the right
To pose as chief inspector.
He deems it quite the thing that he
Should represent the laity,
And watch the builder's work and see
He doesn't cheat the rector.

Of course the whole thing's badly planned,
He tells you, and you understand
How good it is that he's at hand
To check some greater blunder.
The mortar's bad. He breaks a crumb
Between his finger and his thumb,
And shakes his head and murmurs, "Bum!
Who sold 'em that, I wonder?"

Thus after church each Sunday morn,
With mingled pity, grief and scorn,
He goes about on his forlorn
Grim duty of inspection.

But, no, not every Sunday though—
That statement's not exactly so—
Some Sundays you take up, you know,
The building fund collection.

THE IRISH BACHELOR

HERE fur yer pity or scorn, I'm presintin' ye
Jerry McGlone.
Trustin' the life of him will be previntin' ye
Marrin' yer own.
Think of a face wid a permanint fixture of
Looks that are always suggistin' a mixture of
Limmons an' vinegar. There! ye've a pixture of
Jerry McGlone.

Faix, there is nothin' but sourest gloom in this
Jerry McGlone.
Chris'mas joy, anny joy, niver finds room in this
Crayture of stone.
Cynical gloom is the boast an' the pride of him,
An' if a laugh iver did pierce the hide of him,
Faix, I believe 'twould immajiate, inside of him,
Change to a groan.

Whisht! now, an' listen. I'll tell ye the throuble wid
Jerry McGlone.
He preferred single life rather than double wid
Molly Malone.
Think of it! Think of an Irishman tarryin'

While there's a purty girl wishful fur marryin'!
Arrah! no wonder the divils are harryin'
Jerry McGlone.

Ah! but there's few o' the race but would scorn to be
Jerry McGlone.
Sure, we all know that a Celt is not born to be
Livin' alone.
O! but we're grateful (I spake for the laity)
Grateful fur women the bountiful Deity
Dowers wid beauty an' virtue an' gaiety,
All for our own!

TO A PLAIN SWEETHEART

I LOVE thee, dear, for what thou art,
Nor would I wish thee otherwise,
For when thy lashes lift apart
I read, deep-mirrored in thine eyes,
The glory of a modest heart.

Wert thou as fair as thou art good,
It were not given to any man,
With daring eyes of flesh and blood,
To look thee in the face and scan
The splendor of thy womanhood.

THE CONQUEST

LAST night the winter's rear-guard passed
In utter rout through lane and street;
With faint and fainter bugle-blast
The North-wind sounded the retreat.
Far echoes of the stubborn flight
Crept backward from the distant hill,
Stray stragglers lurched across the night,
But soon were gone, and all was still.
Then vaguely, through the pregnant hush,
The murmur of a marching host
Surged swiftly onward as the rush
Of breakers on a level coast,
Until up-swelled through lane and street,
In swift crescendo thundering,
The drums of Southern rain that beat
Reveille to the waking Spring.

O! glad gray army of the South!
Our sky is your triumphal arch.
Nor deed of arms nor word of mouth
Shall here oppose your onward march.
The little children of the North,
Long captive to the winter's cold,
Impatient yearn to sally forth
And tread the fields of green and gold.

For, love of life renewed, we greet
With joy your conquest, welcoming
Invading drums of rain that beat
Reveille to the waking Spring.

A BOOK NOT "GIVABLE"

I HAVE only poor words to send you in time
for this Christmas Day;
My wonted gift of the season must suffer a slight
delay.
Though I had what I felt would please you, I
find that it will not do,
And I needs must wait till the morrow to pur-
chase a gift for you.

I had you in mind this morning. The thought of
you bade me drop
My daily cares for the moment and hie to the
bookman's shop,
The shop that we haunted so often, down there in
the little back street,
In the days when we slaved together over ledger
and balance-sheet
And squandered our hard-earned pennies for an
intellectual treat.
You remember those shelves in the corner where
you discovered your Burns
And I unearthed those treasures of Congreve's,
Smollett's and Sterne's?

Well, there's where I looked this morning in
search of a gift for you,
And I saw what I thought would please you, but
I find that it will not do.

'Twas the title, "She Stoops to Conquer," that
arrested my roving eye,
And the make of the volume pleased me and
prompted me to buy.
So I tucked it away in my pocket, with only a
casual look
To the points that are most essential in a thor-
oughly "givable" book.
But to-night in my hearthside leisure, ere posting
it off to you,
I imposed on myself the duty to examine it
through and through.
I was rather shocked at the cover, and vexed that
I had not seen
How the russet calf was mottled with mildew-
spots of green.
Then the title-page is rather a trifle the worse for
wear,
And it really cost me an effort to read the an-
nouncement there
That the book was "printed for Griffiths," and
the smaller line below:

"To be had of Timothy Becket in Paternoster Row."
I discover the date of the printing is 1774.
Was it after the author's exit, I wonder, or before?
The thought that this book had being in the very year of his death,
Perhaps in the very hour that claimed his departing breath,
Makes misty the reader's vision and carries the fancy back
To the times and the haunts of the genius, poet and bookman's hack.
What phantasies, sweet and tender, out of that golden age,
March by in the time-dimmed type of the quaintly printed page!

But, pshaw! I am boring you, surely, with this sort of folderol;
You never were partial as I am to "poor old lovable Noll."
The book's well enough in its fashion, but it wouldn't be proper to send
A thing—well—so battered and shabby as a holiday gift to a friend.

As I told you, the old leather cover is very much
mildewed and worn,
And a few of the pages are dog-eared and others
are torn.
I thought at first sight it would please you, but
I find that it will not do,
So I needs must wait till the morrow to purchase
a gift for you.
I've only "God-bless-you" to send you in time
for this Christmas Day,
But my wonted gift of the season will follow.
Forgive the delay.

DA MUSICA MAN

YOU knowa Giovanni, da musica man?
He playa da harpa, he playa pian',
For maka da mona wherevra he can.
Da styleesha peopla dey geeve heem da chance
For maka da music for helpa dem dance.
He playa da music so gooda, so gran',
He tal me, da ladies dey calla heem " sweet "
An' geeve heem da playnta good fooda for eat.
I like be Giovanni, da musica man.

Giovanni, da musica man, he ees fat,
An' sleepy an' lazy so lika da cat,
So moocha da dreenkin' an' eatin' he gat.
I gotta da music eensida my heart;
I weesh I have also da musical art
For mak' eet com' outa my heart like he can,
An' filla my stomach weeth fooda for eat.
I digga da tranch; I work hard on da street—
I like be Giovanni, da musica man.

THE "MODERATE DRINKER"

I HONOR more the merry wight
Who, though he curbs his appetite,
Still takes a social beaker,
Than any Prohibition crank
Who prates about the "water-tank."
I hate a temperance speaker.

So, come, lift up a brimming cup
To all who've wit to use it.
And let it be our boast that we
May use but not abuse it.

Kind Nature brings her gift of wine
That Thought may glow, that Wit may shine,
And shall we then reject her?
'Tis true the sodden sot's a beast,
But he's a death's-head at the feast
Who will not touch the nectar.

Once more! Lift up a brimming cup
To all who've wit to use it.
And let it be our boast that we
May use but not abuse it.

What need to men of common sense
Is any " total abstinence "?
There's shimply nothin' to it.
What harm to use th' good ole stuff
If you (hic) shtop when you've enough?
That'sh way that I (hic) do it.

Whoopla! fill up a brimmin' cup
To all (hic) wit t' ushe it.
(Hic) let (hic) be ou' boash (hic) we
(Wow!!) ushe (whoop!) not (hic) 'buzhe it.

DA 'MERICANA GIRL

I GATTA mash weeth Mag McCue,
An' she ees 'Mericana, too!
Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so,
You weell no calla me so slow
Eef som' time you can looka see
How she ees com' an' flirt weeth me.
Most evra two, t'ree day, my frand,
She stops by dees peanutta-stand
An' smile an' mak' da googla-eye
An' justa look at me an' sigh.
An' alla time she so excite'
She peeck som' fruit an' taka bite.
O! my, she eesa look so sweet
I no care how much fruit she eat.
Me? I am cool an' mak' pretand
I want no more dan be her frand;
But een my heart, you bat my life,
I theenk of her for be my wife.

To-day I theenk: "Now I weell see
How moocha she ees mash weeth me,"
An' so I speak of dees an' dat,
How moocha playnta mon' I gat,
How mooch I makin' evra day

An' w'at I spand an' put away.
An' den I ask, so queeck, so sly:
" You theenk som' pretta girl weell try
For lovin' me a leetla beet? "—
O! my! she eesa blush so sweet!—
" An' eef I ask her lika dees
For geevin' me a leetla keess,
You s'pose she geeve me wan or two? "
She tal me: " Twanty-t'ree for you! "
An' den she laugh so sweet, an' say:
" Skeeddoo! Skeeddoo! " an' run away.

She like so mooch for keessa me
She gona geeve me twanty-t'ree!
I s'pose dat w'at she say—" skeeddoo "—
Ees alla same " I lova you."
Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so
You weell no calla me so slow!

FAINT HEART

I WONDER if she knows how much
My heart cries out for her dear heart.
I wonder if she's felt the touch,
The joyous thrill, the bitter smart
Of Cupid's dart.
I wonder.

I wonder what she'll say to me
When I have told my tale to-night.
O! will it be my fate to be
Transported to the sun-kissed height
Of sheer delight?
I wonder.

I wonder if I'll tell my tale
At all! I've often tried before.
By Jove! I feel my courage fail,
And here, a timid mouse once more,
On past her door
I wander.

BALLADE OF FAMILY NAMES

CHANGE is the order in man's estate,
Times have changed and the customs, too;
Everything now must be up-to-date.
Things old-fashioned will never do.
Even the names that our fathers knew—
Jonas, Zachary, Zebedee—
Fashion adjures us we must eschew.
What will the names of To-morrow be?

Patronymics with frills ornate,
Out of the roots of the old names grew.
"Kathryn" cooed in the arms of "Kate,"
"Hugo" lisped at the knees of "Hugh."
Nursery walls of the wealthy few
Rang with titles of high degree,
All affecting the blood that's blue—
What will the names of To-morrow be?

Greater changes have come of late;
Even these new names fade from view.
Wife and husband no more debate
Titles fitting their infant crew.
Even the infants lie perdue.

" Fido," " Rover " and " Tige "—Ah! me,
These are the names that the maids halloo.
What will the names of To-morrow be?

ENVOY

Man, it is sad, but alas! it's true,
Fashion's killing your family tree.
If but a little bark's left to you,
What will the names of To-morrow be?

DA STYLEESHA LADY

ITAL you w'at, you oughta see
Carlotta, dat's my girl, w'en she
Ees feex' for holiday. I guess
You nevva see sooch styleeshness.
She gotta yallow seelka skirt
Ees look so fine you theenk ees wort'
'Bout twanty dollar, mebbe more,
Eef you gon' buy eet een da store.
So, too, she gotta purpla wais'
Dat's treem' weeth pretta yallow lace,
An' bigga golda breasta-peen
Ees steeckin' ondraneat' her cheen.
Eh? Wait, my frand! On toppa dat
She got da beega redda hat
Weeth coupla featha, brighta green,
An' whita rosa een baytween.
Da redda, whita, green, you see,
Ees lika flag of Italy!

Ha! w'at you theenka dat for style?
Ah! yes, my frand, eet mak' you smile;
You can eemagine, den, of me,
How proud I smile w'en first I see.
You can baylieve how proud I feel
For walkin' out weeth her; but steell

I gatta—w'at you call—" deestress "
Baycause for all dees styleeshness.
You see, w'en she ees look so sweet
I 'fraid for let her on da street.
I justa feela scare' dat som'
Beeg reecha man ees gona com'
An' see how styleesh she can be,
An' steala her away from me.

ALMOST

"THERE stands the parson's house," he said.
The maiden hung her modest head,
Lest he who thus was moved to speak
Should note the blush that dyed her cheek.
The moonlit fields, the sky above,
Were mutely eloquent of love;
And love surcharged the ambient air
Breathed in by this young rustic pair.
With beating hearts, across the road,
They saw the minister's abode.
The study lamp a welcome gleamed,
And, through the summer twilight, seemed
Inviting them to near the door.
"There stands the parson's house!" Once more
His fervid thoughts broke forth in speech.
Then silence, thrilling each to each,
Surrounded them and held them mute.
Far-off they heard an owlet hoot
"To whit! to woo!" The maiden's heart
Was warm for him, but hers the part
To modestly await the word
That she in fancy oft had heard,
And which, instinctively she knew,
Was trembling on his tongue. He, too,

Was conscious of his own love's strength,
And meant to speak. He said, at length:
"There stands the parson's house, and there—"
His hand a-tremble cleft the air—
"Is where it used to stand!" And then
He led her down the road again.

CAREY, THE KILL-JOY

IF ye iver see Timothy Carey
Jisht trust to the speed o' yer heels.
Take warnin' from Malachy Cleary—
That's me, an' I know how it feels.
If ye're bint on revivin' yer nature
Wid innocint pleasure, me boy,
Get out o' the way o' this crayture—
His thrade is the killin' o' joy.

Now, wan day whin I sat at me dinner,
Wid hunger enough an' to spare,
In walks this same gloomy ould sinner
An' leans on the back o' me chair.
"Come an' jine me," sez I; "I'd be hatin'
Mesel' fur the glutton I am
To deny ye this taste o' good 'atin'—
'Tis luscious b'iled cabbage an' ham!"

"Man alive! are ye crazy?" sez Carey,
An' frowns in his soberest way,
"Sure an' have ye furgot, Misther Cleary,
That this is a fasht-day th'-day?"

An' wid that the ould joy-killin' sinner
Jisht turned on his heel an' wint out,
An' he left me me illigant dinner
Like ashes, stone-cowld, in me mout'.

'Twas a sin o' me, bein' forgetful;
I should have remimbered the day,
But I couldn't help feelin' regretful
To see me feast fadin' away;
For 'twas not for me soul's sake that Carey
Shpoke up, but 'twas jisht to annoy.
'Tis his nature that's mane an' conthrary—
His thrade is the killin' o' joy.

A LESSON IN POLITICS

I NO care for gattin' meex'
Een dees Ceety politeecs.
I no gatta vote, an' so
I no weeshin' mooch to know
W'eech side right an' w'eech side wrong:
I no bother mooch so long
Dey no bother mooch weeth me—
I jus' want do beez'ness, see?

I no like poleecaman
Com' to dees peanutta-stan',
Like he do most evra day,
Jus' for talka deesa way:
" Wal, my frand, I tal you w'at,
Politeecs ees gattin' hot.
Don't you mind all deesa queer
Talka 'bout da ' Graft ' you hear.
Notheeng een eet! " (Here he tak'
Bigga pieca geenger cak'.)
" Dees ' Reforma ' mak' me seeck!
Sucha foolish theengs dey speak!
All dees ' graft ' ees een deir eye."
(Now he taka pieca pie.)
" I been een dees politeecs
Seexa year an' know da treecks,

But I tal you I ain't met
Any kinda grafta yet."
(Here he taka two banan'.)
" Evra publeec office man
Worka for a salary
Jus' da sama lika me.
We no want no more dan dat—
Jus' contant weeth w'at we gat."
(Den he tak' weeth botha hand
Som' peanutta.) " So, my frand,
Don't baylieva all dees queer
Talka 'bouta ' graft ' you hear."

Nutta, caka, pie, banan',
All for wan poleecaman!
Mebbe ees no " grafta "—say!
W'at ees " grafta," anyway?

MISTLETOE AND HOLLY

THE mistletoe is gemmed with pearls,
Red berries hath the holly.
Remember, all ye modest girls,
The mistletoe is gemmed with pearls,
And when it hangs above your curls,
Away with melancholy!
The mistletoe is gemmed with pearls,
Red berries hath the holly.

Since mistletoe is hard to find,
We do not need it, Mollie.
O! do, I beg of you, be kind;
Since mistletoe is hard to find,
Pretend that you are color-blind
And kiss beneath this holly.
Since mistletoe is hard to find,
We do not need it, Mollie.

HANDICAPPED

EEF I could talka 'Merican
Like w'at I can Italian,
So stronga langwadge eet would be
You would be scare' for joke weeth me.
Een Italy I am so queeck
For theenk of sassy theengs to speak,
W'en som' wan makin' fun weeth me,
Dat nexta time dey let me be.
Da professori from da school
Som' time was try for mak' me fool;
Ah! wal, dey find, you bat my life,
My tongue ees sharpa like da knife.
So, evra wan was 'fraid weeth me
W'en I am home, een Napoli.
But een New Yorka Ceety here
Ees deefferant; an' eet ees queer!
Da streeta keed, so tough, so small,
He ees no scare' weeth me at all.
He talk to me so sharp, so queeck
My tongue ees gat too twist' for speak;
He mak' da face an' laugh, an' den
Ees gat me tangla up agen.
W'en he ees two, t'ree blocks away,
I theenk of som'theeng sharp to say

Dat mak' heem stop from be so tough—
Eef I have say eet queeck enough.

Wal, mebbe eet ees better so,
Baycause eef soocha keed could know
How sharpa tongue ees een my head
He be so scare' he droppa dead!

A FANCY NICOTIAN

TIME was, my love, ere you came as queen
To this bachelor heart of mine,
I bowed to the princess of Nicotine,
Who dwelt in an amber shrine.
And there, when I willed, her heart glowed red
And her languorous spirit rose,
And my soul followed where her soul led,
Away from the world of prose,
To a world rerisen from out of the shade
Of ages passing belief,
Where she was again a Delaware maid
And I was a Huron chief.

. . . . . .

I had made a journey to seek her hand,
I had come from the inland seas,
Far down to the Big Salt Water's strand
Where clustered her tribe's tepees.
And thither I brought a hundred pelts
Of the beasts my arm had slain,
And beaded garments and wampum belts,
That my love-quest be not vain.
Then her people said: "It is meet indeed!
The eagle shall mate with the dove."
O! their little hearts they were drunk with greed,
But hers was big with love.

When into my hand she slipped her own,
And our souls thrilled each to each,
My full heart clogged my throat like a stone
And robbed my tongue of speech.
But faith burns fervid and hope is high
In the heart of a loving maid,
And reading but joy in her lover's eye
She follows him, unafraid.
Beasts of the forest there were, and men,
To harry our path with strife,
But her love gave me the strength of ten.
We were masters of love and life.

. . . . . .

All this, my love, was before you came
To brighten this life of mine.
But still I dream when the touch of flame
Enkindles that amber shrine;
And the fragrant spirit of Nicotine,
In circles my head above,
Discloses ever the self-same scene,
The picture of world-old love,
That world rerisen from out of the shade
Of ages passing belief;
But now it is *thou* art the Delaware maid
When I am the Huron chief.

UN LAZZARONE

SO lazy man I nevva see
Like Joe Baratt' een Napoli.
You no could mak' heem work at all;
Een Napoli he w'at you call
"Un lazzarone"; dat' sa "bum."
No gotta job, no gotta home,
No gotta weesh for maka mon',
But jus' for seetin' een da sun.
So lazy, good-for-notheeng, O!
Da worsta wan ees deesa Joe.
You say "Gelato, Joe?" to heem—
"Gelato" ees da same "ice-cream"—
He ope' hees eyes a leetla beet
Baycause he ees so fond of eet,
An' den he ope' hees mout' so wide
An' wait for you to put eenside.
He weell no tak' da deesh of cream,
But so you gona feeda heem!
So lazy man I nevva see
Like Joe Baratt' een Napoli!
I no can tal how eet should be,
But deesa Joe he cross da sea
An' com' Noo York last' Fall, you know,
W'en evratheeng ees ice an' snow.
Ees nevva so disgusta man

Like Joe Baratt' w'en he ees lan'.
Oh! my! he sheever, shake an 'sneeze,
An' he mus' dance for keep from freeze.
So lively man I nevva see
Like Joe Baratt' from Napoli!
An' now he work for stevedore
Like w'at he nevva do bayfore,
Baycause he needa mon', so he
Can gat back home een Napoli,
For sleepin' een da sunshine w'en
Da weenter-time ees com' agen.
So lively man you nevva see
Like Joe Baratt' from Napoli.

BEDFELLOWS

AIN'T no one so glad as me
When they's lady-company
Comes to visit us an' stay
All that night until it's day.
Ain't much sleepin'-room at all
In our house—it's made so small—
But my Pa he'll always 'low
We kin "double-up somehow."
'Nen when all my prayers is said
Ma she tucks me into bed
'Way 'way over on one side.
'Nen I feel real satisfied
To be sleepy an' to go
Right spang off, because I know
When I wake fust thing I'll see
Will be Pa in bed with me.
'Nen for fun! I tell you what,
'At's the time I have a lot.
I jist crawl on Pa an' shake
His ole head till he's awake.
Fust he'll lay real still an' play
He's asleep an' goin' to stay.
'Nen he'll raise up in the air,
Growl an' cut up like a bear
Come to eat me up, an' I

Laugh an' squeal an' yell. O my!
We jist run things, me an' Pa,
Havin' lots o' fun, till Ma,
In the next room, sez: " You boys
Best git dressed an' quit that noise."
I wisht every night 'at we
Might have lady-company.

THOSE DIRTY LITTLE FINGERS

FROM the moment he could stand alone and toddle
Across the bed-room floor from chair to chair,
There was never any respite for his mother;
He was getting into mischief everywhere.
There were somersaults distracting down the stairway,
And tumbles off the sofa, to be sure,
And the bumps he got were really quite terrific,
But none a mother's kisses couldn't cure.
He'd a most plebeian fondness for the kitchen,
Whose precincts were his favorite retreat,
And the coal-hod held for him a fascination,
For he seemed to think its contents good to eat.
But the thing that caused his mother's greatest worry,
And made her ply her house-cloth o'er and o'er,
Was his subsequent invasion of the parlor
With his grimy little fingers on the door.

How the whiteness of the paint was desecrated
By those dirty little digits every day;
Though his weary mother wept and begged and scolded
He pursued the even tenor of his way.

It was evident that he was only happy
When his fingers held their share and more of dirt;
And the only thing he loathed was soap and water,
And O! my goodness gracious! how that hurt.
But it hurts us now to contemplate the cleanness
Of everything about this quiet place;
All the finger-marks that used to mar the woodwork
Have disappeared, nor left the slightest trace.
For the last of them were wiped away last summer,
Glad summer that is gone forevermore!
We are lonely, Lord, and hungering to see him,
With his grimy little fingers on the door.

DA YOUNGA 'MERICAN

I MYSAL', I feela strange
Een dees countra. I can no
Mak' mysal' agen an' change
Eento 'Merican, an' so
I am w'at you calla me,
Justa " dumb ole Dago man."
Alla same my boy ees be
Smarta younga 'Merican.
Twalv' year ole! but alla same
He ees learna soocha lot
He can read an' write hees name—
Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

He no talk Italian;
He say: " Dat's for Dagoes speak,
I am younga 'Merican,
Dago langwadge mak' me seeck."
Eef you gona tal heem, too,
He ees " leetla Dago," my!
He ees gat so mad weeth you
He gon' ponch you een da eye.
Mebbe so you gona mak'
Fool weeth heem—an' mebbe not.
Queeck as flash he sass you back;
Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

He ees moocha 'shame' for be
  Meexa weeth Italian;
He ees moocha 'shame' of me—
  I am dumb ole Dago man. .
Evra time w'en I go out
  Weetha heem I no can speak
To som'body. "Shut your mout',"
  He weell tal me pretta queeck,
"You weell geeve yoursal' away
  Talkin' Dago lika dat;
Try be 'Merican," he say—
  Smarta keed? I tal you w'at!

I am w'at you calla me,
  Justa "dumb ole Dago man;"
Alla same my boy ees be
  Smarta younga 'Merican.

NIGHT IN BACHELOR'S HALL

THEY'VE gone away! It seems a year,
Aye! weeks of years, since they were here;
And yet it was but yesterday
I kissed them when they went away,
Away from all the scorching heat
That grips this brick-walled city street.
And it was I who bade them go,
Though she, dear heart, protested so,
And vowed I'd find no joy at all,
Nor any peace, in Bachelor's Hall.
I laughed at that, but she was right;
I never knew a sadder night
Than this, while thus I tread, alone,
These silent halls I call my own.
I never thought this place could change
So utterly and seem so strange.
The night is hot, and yet a chill
Pervades the house; it is so still.

I miss the living atmosphere
That comforts me when they are here;
I miss the sigh, long-drawn and deep,
The music of refreshing sleep,
That undulates the gentle breast
Of weary motherhood at rest.

And in the unaccustomed gloom
That shrouds the small adjoining room
I miss the moans, the muffled screams,
Of childhood troubled in its dreams.
And is this all? No! more I miss
The strong, heart-thrilling joy, the bliss
Of warding, with protecting arm,
Between these precious hearts and harm.

O! sing your song, all ye who roam,
Your wistful song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
But, though unhappy is your lot,
You will not find a sadder spot
In all the world than Home, when they
Who make it Home have gone away.

THE INDOMITABLE CELT

ALTHOUGH the joy's denied to me
This blessed "Patrick's Day"
To be where I would wish to be
And whistle Care away,
My mem'ry lives within me still;
So I may close my eyes
And fancy I can feel the thrill
Of spring from Irish skies,
And make myself believe to-day
I'm off with my colleen
To Clogher's, where the pipers play
"The Wearing of the Green."

It's cold and drear in this far land,
And winter's skies are gray,
And there's no sign that spring's at hand
This drear St. Patrick's Day.
But though no shamrocks brave the air
Of this new home of mine,
I've found a bit of green to wear—
This sprig of Northern pine.
So I'll be joyful as I may,
And dream of my colleen
And Clogher's, where the pipers play
"The Wearing of the Green."

DA FAM'LY MAN

I AIN' gon' gatta mad so queeck
Like w'at I use' to do.
I gon' geeve up dees ogly treeck
Of speakin' swear-words, too.
An' now w'en com'sa badda keed
For call me "Dago!"—wal,
I ain' gon' do like w'at I deed
An' tal heem "gotohal!"
Eef som' one com' for makin' fool
Weeth me, I show dem how
I jus' can smile an' keepa cool—
I gon' be good man now.

I am too prouda man to-day
For wanta swear an' fight,
An' I no care w'at bad keeds say
For makin' me excite'.
So eef som'body com' an' try
For makin' fool weeth me,
I justa gon' be dignifi'
Like fam'ly man should be.
Las' night da doctor bring my wife
A baby girl. Dat's how
I am so proud. You bat my life,
I gon' be good man now!

DA FIGHTIN' IRISHMAN

IRISHMAN he mak' me seeck!
He ees gat excit' so queeck,
An' so queeck for fightin', too,
An', baysides, you nevva know
How you gona please heem. So
W'ata deuce you gona do?

W'en I work een tranch wan day,
Irish boss he com' an' say:
" Evra wan een deesa tranch,
I no care eef he ees Franch,
Anglaice, Dago, Dootch or w'at,
Evra wan he musta gat
Leetla pieca green to show
For da San Patricio.
Dees ees Irish feasta day.
Go an' gat som' green! " he say,
" An' eef you no do eet, too,
I gon' poncha head on you! "
So I gat som' green to show
For da San Patricio.
Bimeby, 'nudder Irishman
He ees com' where I am stan',
An' he growl at me an' say:
" W'at you wearin' dat for, eh?

Mebbe so you theenk you be
Gooda Irishman like me.
Green ees jus' for Irishman,
No for dumb Eyetalian!
Tak' eet off! " he say, an', my!
He ees ponch me een da eye!

Irishman he mak' me seeck!
He ees gat excite' so queeck,
  An' so queeck for fightin', too,
An', baysides, you nevva know
How you gona please heem. So
  W'ata deuce you gona do?

THE SPOILED CHILD

W'EN Gran'-pa takes me on his knee
I'm jist as glad as I kin be;
'Cause he's the bestest friend I got,
An' in his pockets they's a lot
Of candies, sugar-cakes an' things
Like dear ole Gran'-pa always brings.
An' he'll say: "Now, my little dear,
Let's see w'at's in this pocket here;"
And I put in my hand and take
Some candy out or else some cake.
'Nen Gran'-pa laughs, an' so do I;
He'll play he's s'prised an' say: "O! My!
I wonder how that got in there,
Now w'at do I git fur my share?"
I laugh, an' climb right up an' kiss
Him where his tickly whiskers is.
He hugs me tight, an' sez: "Oho!
Here's jist the goodest boy I know."
An' I am good as I kin be
W'en Gran'-pa takes me on his knee.

When Papa takes me on his knee
I ain't so glad as I might be.
He ain't as nice as Gran'-pa wuz,
For he don't do like Gran'-pa does.

He on'y does it w'en he's mad,
An' w'en he sez I'm awful bad.
He don't like Gran'-pa's " carryin's-on."
Fur onct w'en Gran'-pa'd been an' gone
He told Ma: " Say, it drives me wild
The way you Pa jist sp'iles that child,"
An' 'nen he maked a grab fur me
An' upside-downed me on his knee,
An' says, " Now if it's in the wood
I'll see if I can't made you good."
An' w'en Pa let me off his knee
I promised him how good I'd be.

DA STYLEESHA WIFE

GIUSEPPE, da barber, ees catcha da wife!
O! my, you weell laugh w'en you see w'at he gat.
She gotta da face ees so sharp like da knife—
He say " ees no styleesh for face to be fat."
Her fingers, so skeenny, ees notheeng but bone;
You 'fraid dey weell bust w'en you go for shak' han'.
He say: " Dat'sa sign she ees vera high-tone',
She no gotta han's like two bonch da banan'."
Ha! w'at you theenk dat
For talk een hees hat?
W'at good eesa wife eef she don'ta be fat?

Giuseppe he tal me I no ondrastan'
Da 'Merican lady so gooda like heem;
He tal me hees wife ees da " swell 'Merican,"
An' looka so styleesh baycause she ees " sleem."
I tal heem da " styleeshness " notta so good
For keepa da house an' for helpin' her mooch
To nursa da baby an' carry da wood.
He say: " I no care eef she nevva do sooch."
Ha! w'at you theenk dat
For talk een hees hat?
W'at good eesa wife eef she don'ta be fat?

THE KETTLE'S SONG OF HOME

AIN'T berry menny people w'at'll listen to a niggah,
Or 'low dey's enny sense in w'at he say,
But I gwine to gib de 'sperience ob mah feelin's, an' I figgah
Dat dey's quite a smaht ob people t'inks mah way.
W'en a man begins a-shoutin' 'bout de good t'ings dat he's missin',
Kickin' kase dey ain't no fo'tune in his job,
Let 'im go home to his kitchen, an' set down a while an' listen
To de singin' ob de kittle on de hob.

De rich man kin inhabitate a palace ef he wishes,
Wif chiny-war' an' pictuahs on de wall,
An' kin lay on velvet sofers an' eat off'n golden dishes,
But I wouldn't swap mah kitchen fo' it all.
Fo' hit wouldn' seem laik home to me, but 'ceptin' I could listen,
A-puffin' at de backy in mah cob,
While de good Lawd seemed a-speakin' ob a home-like kind o' blessin'
Frough de singin' ob de kittle on de hob.

TO THE ATHEIST

SAY! you gat to hal weeth your talk!
I gotta da troubla my own.
You please me by taka da walk—
I wanta for seet here alone.
Eh? W'at? Yes, I s'pose I am dumb,
An' so you no maka me wise
No matter how moocha you com'
For tryin' to open my eyes.
Jus' s'posa my eyes dey are blind—
So blind like you theenk dem to be—
More beautiful theengs dey can find
Dan w'at you are able to see.
You want I should tal you da sight
I see w'en I seet here alone?
You wanta for see? Alla right,
I geeve you my eyes for your own.
Com', look! dere is beautiful girl,
So sweeta, so good an' so true;
Ah! you are a keeng of da worl'
To know dat she smila for you.

Now, see! she ees geevin' her han'
Forevra da wifa to be
To " no-good-for-notheenga " man—
Dat no gooda man, eet ees me!

Now—presto!—da peectura change.
Da beautiful girl eesa gon';
Da man ees look olda an' strange
An' he ees jus' seettin' alone.
But steell you can see weeth hees eyes,
So blind, like you say, an' so dumb,
An angela up in da skies
Dat smila an' wait teell he com'.
You sneer; you no gotta belief.
You tal me we die an' we be
Like dogs, an' you com' lika thief
For steala my faitha from me.
Wal, even eef you no be dam,
An' eef w'at I see ees no true,
I radder be dumb like I am
Dan wisa beeg foola like you!

AT HOME

AT home to-night, alone with Dot,
I loaf my soul and care not what
In worlds beyond may come or go.
Four walls, a roof, to brave the snow,
Suffice to bound this Eden spot.

Dot has her sewing things; I've got
My pipe, a glass of something hot
And Dot herself. The world's aglow,
At home to-night.

As lovers in some golden plot
The poet weaves of Camelot,
We feel apart from earth. We know
The servant in the hall below
Will say to all who call we're not
At home to-night.

TO AN OLD LOVER

THERE is silvery frost on your hair, old boy,
There are lines on your forehead, too;
But your clear eyes speak of the peace and joy
That dwell in the heart of you.
For the passing of youth you have no regret,
No sighs for the summer gloam
And the lovers' moon. They are with you yet
In the light of the lamp at home.

In your summer of youth, in that sunny hour
That will come to you never again,
When you wooed your love as the bee the flower,
The sweets that you gathered then
You have hived and stored for your later life,
And your heart is the honeycomb—
Ah! I've seen your face when you kissed your wife
In the light of the lamp at home.

O! you rare old lover! O! faithful knight,
With your sweetheart of long ago.
You are many days from the warmth and light
Of the summers you used to know;

But you need not yearn for the glamor and gold
Of the fields you were wont to roam—
O! the light for the hearts that are growing old
Is the light of the lamp at home.

TREASURE-TROVE

THERE'S a letter come this minute
From across the boundin' sea,
And it has a treasure in it
That delights the soul of me.
Not a shinin' bit o' gold
Does this blessed letter hold,
But a priceless gem as ancient as the world is old.

'Tis meself, to-morrow mornin',
Will be proud to let ye see
This most precious gem adornin'
Of the Sunday hat of me.
'Tis a little sprig o' green
Of the sort I've often seen
My grandfather wearin' in his ould caubeen.

Then here's to the trefoil,
An' may it grow in free soil
That knows not the dominion of a Saxon King or Queen;
The Shamrock of old Erin!
That the patriot's still wearin'
Where the whole world may see it, in his ould caubeen.

THE LITTLE BOY

THE little boy Jack was a Jack o' Hearts,
For every one loved the lad,
And the birds from near and foreign parts
Were some of the friends he had.
The man in the Moon was his friend at night.
When little Jack's prayers were said,
And his doting mother had dimmed the light
And cuddled him up in bed,
He'd lie and talk to his friend in the skies
Through the casement open wide,
And ask if the stars were not the eyes
Of good little boys who had died.

O! the Moon-Man laughed at this odd conceit
Of his little boy friend on earth,
And the wee stars, clustered about his feet,
Just winked at his childish mirth.
But once when the moon rose over the hill
And shone on the cottage wall,
The birds in the neighboring trees were still
And a gloom hung over all.
Then the Moon-Man wondered much of Jack,
And he pondered it o'er and o'er,
Till he saw two stars in the sky at his back
That he never had seen before.

ALL'S WELL

NOW fared the fight with thee to-day?
Not well? Ah, nay,
Thou hast not lost; thou can'st not lose,
However much they tear and bruise
The panting breast, the straining thews
Which are thy spirit's citadel,
If thou and Faith, upon the walls,
Are comrades still when darkness falls.
Rest now! In sleep thy veins shall swell
With Hope's new wine; and like a bell
From valleys deep heard on the height,
Thy 'leagured soul, throughout the night,
Shall call to thee: "All's well!"

It is thyself alone that may
Thyself betray.
Arise again! Arise and fight!
God's smile is in the morning light;
Lift thou thy banner brave and bright
Above thy spirit's citadel!
What matter if its fall be sure?
The pilgrim soul thy walls immure,
Clinging the wings of Azrael,

In face of all the hordes of hell,
Shall take, full-armed, its homeward flight,
And o'er thy ruins, from the height,
Shall call to thee: "All's well! "

TO A VIOLINIST

APPLAUSE! A rapturous burst
Spreads downward from the gods, who see you first
As you come bouncing in,
A little fat, unconscious harlequin. . . .
Clutching your fiddle in your hand,
Now in midstage you stand,
Bobbing and bowing, stiffly, jerkily,
To left, to right, to left.
And never for a moment still,
We, in the stalls, we smile to see
How droll you look; and even when your deft,
Quick fingers rouse the charm'd strings to your will,
The laughter, lurking in our lashes still,
Beats back the elfin voices at our ears.

How like a boat your violin appears
As, under lowered lids, our listless eyes
Watch its alternate rise and fall and rise,
Where, as the music sways, it seems to be
Tossed by the tempests on a fairy sea. . . .
And this strange sense, this sense of finer air

That, like a tide at flood, is everywhere,
Bearing up from depths unfathomed voices long
imprisoned there,
Voices of the singing birds that flattered unto
happy tears
Lovers lingering in the twilights of how many
thousand years!
Voices moaning and intoning of old sorrows,
hopes and fears!
Sounds of waves on craggy beaches and of winds
that shout above,
Melting, dwindle to a murmur, like the cooing of
the dove,
Rise again and, waxing stronger, swell into a
chant of love.
Round and round the waves of music sweep
through this enchanted place,
Catch the souls come forth to listen, trembling on
each hearer's face,
Draw them on and whirl them swiftly, lightly
through the fields of space,
Till the music and its maker and the hearers are
as one—
And the masterwork is done!

Applause, spontaneous, springs,
Pursues you to the wings

And hales you out once more.
Encore! Encore! Encore!
Come back and bow, bow, bow—
You are not comic now.

TO THE CITY UNBEAUTIFUL

THEY are gone! O! implacable City,
'Twixt a night and a night,
With no pang of regret or of pity,
You have slain them outright.
Though their beauty besought you to spare it,
To keep it forever and wear it
For your own and your children's delight,
You have fattened your greed and you merit
The squalor your streets shall inherit.

In their innocent glory and grace,
They, the primeval lords of the place,
Ere your earliest highway was trod,
Had grown old in the service of God;
And with arms lifted up, as in prayer,
Gave Him thanks for the sunlight and air,
For the nourishing moss at their feet;
And the thrushes that made their retreat
In the heart of this Eden so long,
For their lodging gave tribute of song.
E'en the violets, dotting the sward,
Breathing perfume of prayer to the Lord,
Paid in full for their leasehold; but you—
In the service of Mammon, you grew

To a huddle of houses and mills,
Spreading squalor through hollows and hills,
Till your grimy arms reached through your
smoke
To this grove of the Poplar and Oak.

They are gone! O! implacable City,
'Twixt a night and a night,
With no pang of regret or of pity,
You have slain them outright.
Though their beauty besought you to spare it,
To keep it forever and wear it
For your own and your children's delight,
You have fattened your greed and you merit
The squalor your streets shall inherit.

A SONG FOR FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY!
Chilly, chary
Of the vistas visionary
Through savannas blue and airy,
Where the fancy seeks to see
Promise of the days to be!
Little sun and little blue
Pierce your dull, gray mantle through;
Saddest of our months are you,
February.

Out upon you! We will sing
To another, kindlier thing,
Hoping that our song may bring
Some returning, flashing wing
Which is augural of spring
To the heavens' brightening arch.
Come, then, forward from the South
Birds with music in the mouth!
Forward! all ye sleeping seeds,
Forward! brooks among your reeds,
Violets and eglantine,
Forward! all along the line,
March!

THE BIRTH-MONTH

IN the merry month of May,
Gemini, my stars, are swinging
Midmost in the great sun's way;
And the marching planets, bringing
Once again my natal day,
Strangely stir my heart to singing
In the merry month of May.

In the merry month of May,
Life and all it holds is dearer;
Be the zenith blue or gray—
Possibly my vision's clearer
Now than ever, who shall say?—
Heaven, to me, seems surer, nearer,
In the merry month of May.

In the merry month of May,
Closer than my birth-stars, o'er me
Broods a spirit, bright as they;
Spirit potent to restore me,
Blessing still my natal day—
She, the sainted one who bore me
In the merry month of May!

A SONG FOR JUNE

OUR purse, my dear, is flat
(It never yet was fat),
Our garments worn and sere
(They were the same last year),
And frugally we dine
(Who never craved for wine).
Admitting that,
O! why, my dear,
Repine?
The merry world's in tune,
And fruits and flowers thrive
And robins sing, like mad:
"Ho! it is June,
And we're alive;
Be glad!"

Here are we, still together
(And richer by the weather);
There's nothing we would borrow
(O! certainly not sorrow),
But just what Heaven lends us
(This blue sky that attends us).
Why care a feather
What the morrow
Sends us?

This golden afternoon
Bees buzz about the hive
And robins sing, like mad:
"Ho! it is June,
And we're alive;
Be glad!"

THE VETERAN MARCHING ALONE

WHEN the Post turns out to-morrow
To honor our martial dead,
Let them count me among the absent,
Let them reckon me ill in bed;
Yet gallant shall be my marching
And holy the ground I tread.

I have vaunted too long my valor
And the valor of other men;
But the wisdom my years denied me—
My threescore years and ten—
The dream of a night has supplied me:
I never shall march again!

For this was the sleep-wrought vision
That came to me in my bed:
I was dead; I had passed in battle
And my warrior-soul had fled
To the field of the last great muster,
The bivouac of the dead.

I was one of the countless millions,
The heroes of many lands;
Pale spirits who stood in silence
Awaiting the Lord's commands,
The vanquished like to the victors
With drooping palms in their hands.

Then a great voice swept above us,
And it winnowed us like a wind,
Crying: "Ye who have suffered in battle
And given to help your kind,
Ye shall find the greater before ye
And the lesser givers behind!"

Then I looked behind and about me
And rejoiced that my rank was good,
Far back as my gaze could fathom
Was a knightly brotherhood;
Then I turned to the ranks before me,
Where the greatest of givers stood.

And lo! where the clouds of glory
Encompassed the God of War,
There were numberless legions of women
All standing His throne before,
And each, in her wan arms lifted,
A living child upbore!

Then the palms in my hand were withered
And I wept in the dark, alone;
And I thought of a long-dead woman,
Whose giving outweighed my own,
And I thought of the grave that held her
Unmarked of flower or stone.

When the Post turns out to-morrow
To honor our martial dead,
Let them count me among the absent,
Let them reckon me ill in bed;
Yet gallant shall be my marching
And holy the ground I tread.

THE BIRTH O' TAM O' SHANTER

[To a friendly challenge from Captain Grose we are indebted for this admirable masterpiece (Tam o' Shanter). Burns having entreated him to make honorable mention of Alloway Kirk in his Antiquities of Scotland, he promised compliance with the request upon condition that the poet should supply him with a metrical witch story as an accompaniment to the engraving. Mrs. Burns it was who related to Kromek the marvelous rapidity with which this poem was produced. According to her, it was the work of a single day, * * * as Alexander Smith puts it, with an exultant chuckle, the best day's work ever done in Scotland since Bruce won Bannockburn. Burns, during the early part of that memorable day, had passed the time alone in pacing his favorite walk, upon the river bank. Thither in the afternoon he was followed by his "bonnie Jean" and some of their children. Finding that he was "crooning to himself," and fearing lest their presence might be an interruption, his considerate wife loitered some little distance behind among the bloom and heather with her brood of young ones. There her attention was caught by the poet's impassioned gesticulations. She could hear him repeating aloud, while the tears ran down his face: "Now, Tam! O, Tam! had they been queans." Toward evening, when the storm of composition had fairly run out, Burns, we are told by M'Diarmid, committed the verses to writing upon the top of a sod dyke, overhanging the river; and directly they were completed rushed indoors to read them aloud by the fireside in a tone of rapturous exultation.]—Rev. Dr. J. Loughran Scott, in the Alloway Edition of Burns' Works.

[Read before the Burns Club of St. Louis on January 25, 1916].

HOW broke the east upon that day,
In fire and blood or ashes gray?
And did a rich or niggard boon
Of sunlight gild the Nith at noon?
Who knows or cares? For on that morning,
When Tam o' Shanter, without warning,
Came gloriously down to earth,
The river, singing at his birth,
Wore on its face a mystic light;
For in that moment reached its height
The lyric fire, the dying flare
From out the heart of Burns of Ayr!

O! little Nith! O! happy river,
You shall not lose that gleam forever;
Your waves, whatever moods betide them,
Shall sing of him who walked beside them
And from his great heart wove a story
That was the crown upon his glory.
And on that morning when he came
With frenzied eye and cheek aflame
To feast his soul upon the food
That poets find in solitude,
What was the charm you held him with,
O! helpful little river Nith?
Ah, well I know the way you did it!
I shall not mince nor gloss the credit,

But, auditing the dim dead past,
Shall here set down your score at last.

To you, that morning (Who shall care
If skies above were dull or fair?)
The poet, seeking comfort, brought
His fecund fancy, big with thought.
Beside your bonnie banks he walked,
And ever as he went he talked
The quaint, blithe things that thronged his brain
And conned them o'er and o'er again;
And presently the liquid laughter
Of pleasant waters gurgled after,
And, as a voice by harp attended,
With borrowed beauty grows more splendid,
So waxed the poet's budding song
Where light your ripples leaped along.
You smiled and danced and made your measures
To match his song of ale-house pleasures,
Where Tam and cronies came to mingle
Beside their comfortable ingle;
But when the "reaming swats" came thicker
And Robin's tongue, that sang of liquor,
Grew overloud and full of yearning,
No doubt you set your rapids churning,
To draw his thoughts from off the "nappy"
And keep him singing, blithe and happy.

Then, when he pushed those joys aside
And sallied forth with Tam to ride,
(For well you know that Tam o' Shanter
Was not alone upon that canter)
How well again his mood was fellowed!
Among your rocks the thunder bellowed;
Your spray upon the light breeze passed
For " rattlin' showers upon the blast ";
You made the " Doon pour all his floods,"
The " doubling storm roar through the woods ";
And somewhere in your shadows lurk
The dancers in the ruined kirk.

But when that dance grew wild and furious
And Tam, with watching, much too curious;
And Robin, prattling of the " queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens,"
Seemed bent on lingering overlong,
I like to think that then the song
In all your rippling waves you stilled,
As by the breath of winter chilled,
That Robin, in the pause, might hear
His " bonnie Jean " and children near;
And draw his thoughts from " sarks o' flannel "
And back into the proper channel.

. . . . . .

Then with your song and liquid laughter
You rose again to follow after,
With O! what sympathetic feeling,
Where faithful Meg, the mare, goes reeling
Across the bridge that spans the flood,
By all the ghostly crew pursued,
And carries off her master, hale,
But leaves behind her own grey tail.

And when the day was done you knew
The poet's exaltation, too;
'Twas yours at fall of dusk to share
The calm that soothed the Bard of Ayr,
And through the night, O happy stream!
You were a music in his dream.
There, musing by some mossy stone,
Perhaps, ah, yes, you must have known
That though again upon your shore
The poet still would walk, no more
Would Time bring round to you the bliss
Of any day to match with this—
The very cap-sheaf on the past,
The greatest labor and the last.

Oh! in the fire of that one day
How many years were burned away?
And in the torrents of his tears

Were lost how many unborn years?
For this man took life's cup and laughed
And strove to drain it at a draught,
What tragedy was in this mirth,
O! river, singing at its birth?
What holocaust was in the light
With which your morning face was bright?

O! little Nith! O! happy river,
You shall not lose that gleam forever;
Your waves, whatever moods betide them,
Shall sing of him who walked beside them
And from his great heart wove a story
That was the crown upon his glory!

SUMMER'S SWAN-SONG

O! HAVE ye seen Rogue Autumn?
He's hiding hereabout
To rob me of my green domain
And put my birds to rout.
He's marshaling his army;
The skirmishers are out.
"All's well! All's well!" the katydids,
His nightly pickets, shout.

Rogue Autumn, bold pretender,
Conspiring with the sun,
Is working in the morning mists
That I may be undone.
Already through my fields and woods
The fires of treason run;
My myriad leaves are putting on
His colors, one by one.

Thy breath at night, Rogue Autumn,
Strikes chill upon my brow;
My crown uneasy rests upon
The head I soon must bow.

Take thou thy spoil! But there will come
A mightier than thou,
Whose winds shall pierce and break thy
heart,
As mine is breaking now!

A SUMMER IDYLL

THE scene: A public city square,
With crowded benches here and there.
The time: A drowsy afternoon,
Charged with the heady wine of June.
Chief actors: Voice, Law's voice, supreme
And harsh with petty power: and Dream,
A vagrant sprite that stops to play
'Round one old head unkempt and gray.

The Dream:

Ah! rest. How far off seems the street—
Its heat still tingles in my feet,
But Lord! how sweet this is, how sweet!—
And O! the shade, this blessed shade
That all the little leaves have made—
The little leaves—they're whispering now—
Whispering? They're singing on the bough!
How clear and sweet the whole tree sings—
Tree? It's a golden bird with wings!
How soft its back is! Sweet to lie
Snug in its feathers here and fly
Where Heaven is so wide and clear—

The Voice:

Hey! Set up straight; ye can't sleep here!

The Dream:

. . . The nurse-maid smiled,
But she looked kind; so did the child.
What dimpled cheeks! so round, so fair,
Like peaches. . . . Peaches, everywhere!
Wait, little boy, don't climb the trees.
See how the fruit swings in the breeze.
Lie here with me until they fall.
Here where the grass is thick and tall,
Stretch yourself out and lie at ease.
Don't shake! don't shake! don't shake the trees!
Here they come pelting down like rain—

The Voice:

Here, Bo! I warn ye onct again.

The Dream:

. . . . His coat is blue,
Yet Heaven has the self-same hue;
How odd; . . . His belt looks tight in back,
And mine—it never was so slack.
Somewhere, somewhere, there's bread and meat;

Somewhere, perhaps, but then the street—
If I could wet my face and hair
With water from that fountain there—
How sparkingly the ripples break,
And what a pleasant sound they make!
Drip! drip! . . . the mill-wheel turns so slow,
So slow, so slow—Ah! there's a fish!
He's in the net! Now for a dish
That any royal king might wish! . . .
O! peaceful pipe beside the fire—
The moon's up now and rising higher.
Snug is the camp, crisp-cool the night,
The embers flare up, warm and bright!
The waves of heat that beat, beat, beat,
Upon the weary, way-worn feet—

The Voice:

I warned you twice an' now you're done,
Git out o' here! Move on! move on!

"ADA REHAN IS DEAD"

THOSE few lines on the printed page
Call up for me a darkened stage. . . .
And Fancy in the shadowy wings
Paints ghosts of dear, once happy things—
Bright elves which in that place had birth
Of clear-eyed Truth and frolic Mirth,
And, having filled their hour of grace,
Now, mute, on tiptoe, haunt the place. . . .
Nor light nor any sound is there
To strike across the brooding air,
But still a sense above it all
Of something evil to befall. . . .
Then sounds, off-stage, one tap—no more—
As of a knuckle on a door,
And with the sound a gust upblows,
Chill as the breath of Arctic snows;
The grisly call-boy in the dark
Is waiting at the threshold. Hark!
He speaks! His tones sepulchral frame
The loved, but half-forgotten, name.
A brave, sweet voice makes answering hail,
And merging with it breaks a wail
Of sobbing in the upper air. . . .
A thin light stabs the dark—and there

A youth—nay, but the merest boy—
Who loved this Priestess of Pure Joy,
Leans from the gallery and peers
Down, stageward, through a mist of tears. . . .
The weeping stops; the last faint note
Chokes back into my aching throat,
For in this boyish mourner see
The lad that once I used to be. . . .

With all a boy's abandonment
I loved her then, this Heaven-sent
Interpreter of all the moods
And womanly beatitudes.
I loved her graceful ways and each
Delicious little trick of speech
That marked her dearer than the rest,
But O! my heart was happiest
In this, which in that heart I knew:
That she was wholly sweet and true. . . .
I mourn for her, but are these tears
Not also for the buried years?
And for the thought that with her dies
Another of the crumbling ties
Between me and my happy youth?
Ah, yes, I know it, and the truth
Makes sudden riot in the heart,
Where once she queened it with her art.

YESTERDAY'S RAIN

A SUNDAY misty and wet
Moves us to chafe and complain,
Robbed of our outing, and yet
Came there in yesterday's rain—
Light as the spray of the sea,
Soft as the dropping of dew—
So many blessings to me,
Surely you noticed them, too.

Windows fronting the East
Bare of shutter and pane,
Took, as the light increased,
Silver driftings of rain.
Slowly the moisture crept
Over my pillow and bed
Drowning the dream I'd kept
Warm in my drowsy head. . . .

There to me came, as I lay,
Out of the neighboring woods
Waking sounds of the day,
Calls of the solitudes;
Thrushes caroling near,
Church-bells over the hill,
The whine of the housedog here
Under my window-sill—

But over and through it all
The liquid laughter of leaves
Glad for the gifts that fall
Over the world's wide eaves,
Glad for the cleansing rain,
Drenching branches and sod,
Suckling the ripening grain,
Plumping beans in the pod. . . .

Possibly, so I thought,
These are the tears of the bless'd
Shed for a world distraught
By hatreds and wild unrest;
This is a holy rain
Cleansing the blood-stained sod,
Bringing to earth again
Peace and the smile of God. . . .

Call it a mood if you will,
Call it my fancy alone;
That may account for it; still,
Possibly others may own
Share in this little refrain,
Share in the blessings I drew
Out of the mist and the rain.
Surely, you noticed them, too.

BALLADE OF THE SEA

MARK and chart my midmost foam;
Catch and hold my spindrift's snow.
Is there under God's wide dome
Anything doth freer go
Than my pulsing to and fro?
Save for the eternal One,
Unto whom my all I owe,
Lord or mistress have I none.

All the grandeur that was Rome
Barely set my face aglow;
Earth it won and made its home;
But my waves, unbridled so,
Over buried cities flow.
Save for the eternal One,
Unto whom my all I owe,
Lord or mistress have I none.

Spanish Philip's vaunt the gloom
Of my coral depths below
Holds in age-forgotten doom.
Me may other braggarts know
Their most sure and potent foe.

Save for the eternal One,
Unto whom my all I owe,
Lord or mistress have I none.

L'ENVOI

Prince, thy pride may get thee woe!
Save for the eternal One,
Unto whom my all I owe,
Lord or mistress have I none.

THE SONG OF THE MARCH WIND

I AM the minstrel, the maker of mirth,
And the forest my harp is:
From the fibres asleep in the heart of the earth,
Where its woof and its warp is,
I fashion the spring
With the song that I sing!

I, that am breathed of the mouth of my God,
Am His music in motion;
And His breath on my winds shakes the slumbering sod
And the floor of the ocean;
And I fashion the spring
With the song that I sing!

I am the breath of your nostrils, O man!
And akin to your spirit;
But our God's voice was mine ere your singing began,
So rejoice when you hear it;
For I bring you the spring
With the song that I sing!

DARBY AND JOAN

THEY come into the parlor car
And take their seats beside me.
How very commonplace they are!
I know my wife would chide me,
And call it rude of me to stare
At this old man and woman,
But, since they do not seem to care,
Why shouldn't I be human?
I've read my paper through and through—
There's mighty little in it—
And so I've nothing else to do
But watch them for a minute.
They offer little promise, though,
Of charm to the beholder;
I judge her sixty-five or so,
And he a trifle older. . . .

I've watched them for a hundred miles!
I'd watch another hundred,
To share the paradise that smiles
Around them! How I blundered,
To call this couple commonplace.
Youth's glory and Romance's
Play sunnily about each face
And glimmer in their glances.

His heart, a bee above the flower,
  Around her form is flitting,
And she—how well she knows her power!—
  She snares it in her knitting.
Here's Love that is forever new,
  That feasts and still doth hunger—
Ah! he's eternal twenty-two
  And she a trifle younger.

Let my love, Lord, for my mate grow
  Thus god-like, to enfold her,
When she is three-score-ten or so,
  And I a trifle older.

THE VILLAGE POET

WHENEVER it's a Saturday—oh, long before the dew
Is drunken by the golden sun that climbs the cloudless blue,
Almost before the nested birds have started in to stir,
I rise an hour earlier and take a walk with HER.

I wonder if you realize the joy—and joy to spare—
The May-time morning carries in its lilac-laden air;
I wonder if you know what lyric breezes are about
To take the trees and shake their lovely leafy banners out,
To fill the winds with music and to blow a vagrant tress
Across your cheek, that burns at such unwonted wantonness.
Of course you cannot know all this. You would, though, if you were
To rise an hour earlier and take a walk with HER.

I wonder if you know what joys, when morning's
gates unlock,
The winds of May blow round the world 'twixt
dawn and six o'clock.
I wonder that with droning nose above your
blanket's hem
You lie there in the growing light, oblivious to
them.
How can you be a slug-a-bed and soak yourself
in sleep
When there are in the dewy dells sweet trystings
you might keep?
Oh! If you'd know the best of joys of all that
ever were
You'd rise an hour earlier and take a walk with
HER.

That's why when it's a Saturday—oh, long before
the dew
Is drunken by the golden sun that climbs the
cloudless blue,
Almost before the nested birds have started in to
stir,
I rise an hour earlier and take a walk with HER.

A SONG TO ONE

IF few are won to read my lays
And offer me a word of praise,
If there are only one or two
To take my rhymes and read them through,
I may not claim the poet's bays.

I care not, when my Fancy plays
Its one sweet note, if it should raise
A host of listeners or few—
If you are one.

The homage that my full heart pays
To Womanhood in divers ways,
Begins and ends, my love, in you.
My lines may halt, but strong and true
My soul shall sing through all its days,
If you are won.

SONGS OF WEDLOCK

THE PERFECT SOLITUDE

WHEN, sick at heart and weary of my kind
And of the day-long traffic, I would find
The peace and healing touch of solitude,
I envy no lone eremite who stands,
Sealed up with silence on the desert sands,
Where never murmurs of the world intrude.
I know a sweeter place, a holier bower
For the enshrining of the quiet hour.

Mine is a solitude that two may share,
A lamp-lit table, with an easy chair
At either end, a friendly book for each,
And—save for clock-ticks pulsing in the room—
Sweet silence; but a silence that may bloom,
At her will or at mine, to loving speech.
This is the dearest place, the holiest bower
For the enshrining of the quiet hour.

WHEN DAY BEGINS

WHEN doth the light of day begin,
And what far gates first let it in?
The calm deep blue of morning skies
Doth greet me earliest from your eyes;
My first warm glint of sunlight flashes
Across the soft gold of your lashes;
And the first breath of day that thrills
'Twixt dawn-flushed sky and waking hills,
O'er pure mid-ocean's foam-flecked reaches,
O'er spume-swept rocks and silvern beaches,
To the near fields whose chaliced blooms
Catch and distill the winds' perfumes
To honey-dew that wild bees sip,
Is not so pure,
So quick, so sure
As the warm kiss upon your lip—
The golden kiss which is the key
That opes the day for me.

TO A THRUSH

SING clear, O! throstle,
Thou golden-tongued apostle
And little brown-frocked brother
Of the loved Assisian!
Sing courage to the mother,
Sing strength into the man,
For they, who in another May
Trod Hope's scant wine from grapes of pain,
Have tasted in thy song to-day
The bitter-sweet red lees again.
To them in whose say May-time thou
Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough,
To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,
O! prophet then, be prophet now
And paraclete!

That fateful May! The pregnant vernal night
Was throbbing with the first faint pangs of day,
The while with ordered urge toward life and light,
Earth-atoms countless groped their destined way;
And one full-winged to fret
Its tender oubliette,
The warding mother-heart above it woke.
Darkling she lay in doubt, then, sudden wise,

Whispered her husband's drowsy ear and broke
The estranging seal of slumber from his eyes:
"My hour is nigh: arise!"

Already, when, with arms for comfort linked,
The lovers at an eastward window stood,
The rosy day, in cloudy swaddlings, blinked
Through misty green new-fledged in Wister Wood.
Breathless, upon this birth
The still-entrancèd earth
Seemed brooding, motionless in windless space.
Then rose thy priestly chant, O! holy bird!
And heaven and earth were quickened with its grace;
To tears two wedded souls were moved who heard,
And one, unborn, was stirred!

O! Comforter, enough that from thy green
Hid tabernacle in the wood's recess
To those care-haunted lovers thou, unseen,
Shouldst send thy flame-tipped song to cheer and bless.
Enough for them to hear
And feel thy presence near;

And yet when he, regardful of her ease,
Had led her back by brightening hall and stair
To her own chamber's quietude and peace,
One maple-bowered window shook with rare,
Sweet song—and thou wert there!

Hunter of souls! the loving chase so nigh
Those spirits twain had never come before.
They saw the sacred flame within thine eye;
To them the maple's depths quick glory wore,
As though God's hand had lit
His altar fire in it,
And made a fane, of virgin verdure pleached,
Wherefrom thou might'st in numbers musical
Expound the age-sweet words thy Francis preached
To thee and thine, of God's benignant thrall
That broodeth over all.

And they, athirst for comfort, sipped thy song,
But drank not yet thy deeper homily.
Not yet, but when parturient pangs grew strong,
And from its cell the young soul struggled free—
A new joy, trailing grief,
A little crumpled leaf,

Blighted before it bourgeoned from the stem—
Thou, as the fabled robin to the rood,
Wert minister of charity to them;
And from the shadows of sad parenthood
They heard and understood.

Makes God one soul a lure for snaring three?
Ah! surely; so this nursling of the nest,
This teen-touched joy, ere birth anoint of thee,
Yet bears thy chrismal music in her breast.
Five Mays have come and sped
Above her sunny head,
And still the happy song abides in her.
For though on maimèd limbs the body creeps,
It doth a spirit house whose pinions stir
Familiarly the far cerulean steeps
Where God His mansion keeps.

So come, O! throstle,
Thou golden-tongued apostle
And little brown-frocked brother
Of the loved Assisian!
Sing courage to the mother,
Sing strength into the man,
That she who in another May
Came out of heaven, trailing care,

May never know that sometimes gray
  Earth's roof is and its cupboards bare.
To them in whose sad May-time thou
Sang'st comfort from thy maple bough,
  To tinge the presaged dole with sweet,
O! prophet then, be prophet now
  And paraclete!

THE JOURNEY

YOU are so brave, so loyal and so true!
You bring such sunshine to the last farewell
When some far duty calls me forth from you,
What fears consume your heart I cannot tell;
Not mine to know what prayers or teardrops pour
From your pent heart, when you have closed the door.
But this I know: How long, how far I roam,
My honor and my babes are safe with you
And light and sweetness shall illume our home;
You are so brave, so true!

You are so brave, so loyal and so true,
I should be worse than craven did I fail
To make the last long kiss I had from you
My knightly sword and shield and triple mail.
You cannot see, through leagues of space that part,
If passion or if peace be in my heart,
But this believe: How long, how far I roam,
Whate'er my mind may plan or hands may do,
I would be worthy to be welcomed home
By you, so brave, so true!

IN WINTRY WEATHER

WHAT was the impulse wild that led us forth
That boist'rous night,
When to the gusty wooing of the North
The world lay white,
And trees in icy mail
Gave battle to the gale
That armed them so?
What spell impelled us, dear,
To quit our ingle's cheer
To frolic in the snow?

O! Youth! O! wild, sweet fire
That burnest brighter, higher,
With strong and pure desire
At touch of wintry weather,
With equal flame inspire
My love and me together!

What of the pale, gray years that are to come
Upon us twain?
When nights tempestuous then rage 'round our home
Will we be fain
To pluck with fingers chill

From Winter's heart the thrill
That now we know?
Shall either care, my dear,
To quit our ingle's cheer
To frolic in the snow?

O! Age, when Youth is over,
And we, old wife and lover,
About this hearthstone hover
In wild and wintry weather,
With peaceful mem'ries cover
My love and me together!

INSCRIPTION FOR A FIREPLACE

I 'M Home's heart! Warmth I give and light,
If you but feed me.
I blossom in the winter night,
When most you need me.

To melt your cares, to warm your guest,
My cheer's supplied you;
But, O! to know me at my best,
Hold Her beside you!

THE MOTHER

SHE was so frail, my little one,
She had not yet begun to stir
Her tiny limbs; from sun to sun,
This breast, these arms maternal were
The bounded universe for her.

But now far spaces feel her might,
And sad, sweet thoughts of her arise
With every sun; she stirs the night
With sighing winds, and from the skies
She looks at me with starry eyes.

A SONG FOR JANUARY

A NEW door opens to the fresh, sweet air,
And one swings shut behind us.
Time still is ours! but in the darkness there
We've left a little joy, a little care,
Whose ghosts alone go with us to remind us.
How transitory pleasure is and pain,
How brief may be our faring ere we gain
One quiet nook—our own for evermore—
And next year may not find us
With eager feet before its opening door
When this swings shut behind us.

But cheer! Sing cheer
To the glad New Year!
Come, blend your voice in the chorus!
Ho! what care we
Where the shut doors be?
Here's an opening door before us!

INSPIRATION

"GOOD NIGHT," and then your candle's feeble flare
Went glimmering up the stair;
A door closed and the house was still,
Slow, hour by hour, the night grew old,
And from the smouldering hearth the cold
Stole forth and laid its chill
On fingers weary of the pen,
On heart and brain that had been fain
To make a song of cheer.
For, oh, the summer warm and bright
You conjured in the winter night
Went upward with your candlelight,
Went with you up the stair.

THE SANCTUM

LORD, God of love, the wedded heart's
Sure Comforter,
O! make mine pure in all its parts,
For Thee and Her!
Pour, Lord, the flood-tide of Thy grace
Through all its chambers, and efface
Each secret thought's abiding place.
I pray thee make
One shrine of it, which Thou and she
May jointly share, that it may be
Open to her, Lord, as to Thee,
For her dear sake.

Lord, God of love, who givest me
Her heart of fire,
Long keep it mine, but let it be
Not mine entire.
Though mine the honeyed tenderness,
That wells therein to cheer and bless
When joys elate or cares depress,
I pray Thee make
Thy secret shrine within its core.
Let me before one close-sealed door
Cry "Non sum dignus" o'er and o'er
For her dear sake.

PERENNIAL MAY

MAY walks the earth again,
This old earth, and the same
Green spurts of tender flame
Burn now on sod and tree
That burned when first she came,
Dear love, to you and me.
If any change there be—
A greater or a less
Degree of loveliness—
It is not ours to see,
Dear love,
Not ours to feel or see.

May thrills our hearts again,
These old hearts, and the bough
Burns not with blossoms now
That blow more splendidly.
For, since our wedded vow
Made one of you and me,
If any change there be—
A greater or a less
Degree of tenderness—
It is not ours to see,
Dear love,
Not ours to feel or see.

AT THE THRESHOLD

CARES of the day, like a peddler's pack,
Tawdry and profitless, weighing me down,
Burdened my brain and my bended back
As I turned to you out of the town.
Listlessly, slowly, my laggard feet,
Timed to the torpor of heart and brain,
Brought me at length to the quiet street
With the home-light warm at the pane.
Then I shook my cares from their lingering hold
And I laid them there in the outer cold
Till the workaday morrow to rest,
For these were things for the teeming mart,
And not for your gentle breast, dear heart,
Oh! not for your gentle breast.

Wearing a smile that my heart belied,
Over the threshold I passed to you.
What was the charm of our ingleside,
Where we dreamed our old dreams anew?
What was the spell of delight we wove
Out of soft laughter and song and jest?
Glamor of youth and the old, old love
And the peace, of your quiet breast.
And, behold! when the day is come once more,

And I shoulder my cares at the outer door,
What miracle sweet is this?
All the burden I bear to the teeming mart
Is light and sweet as your kiss, dear heart,
Oh! sweet as your fragrant kiss.

HER MUSIC

THY soul was in thy fingers when they strayed
Among the keys, at twilight hour to-night;
Then, winging with the melody they made,
It soared, by mine companioned, to the height
Where holy Melancholy sat, arrayed
One length in gloom and one all golden bright. . . .
Thy soul, returning, brought but shreds of shade;
Mine filched the golden light.

Then, when I smiled and would not match thy mood
With solemn speech, thou sought'st thy lonely bed.
But that was hours agone, and thou hast wooed
Forgetfulness with tears so softly shed.
But I! How swift this June-night solitude
Hath poured prophetic sorrow on my head.
Here is my soul stripped bare, Promethean food
For one sharp-taloned dread.

Death is a wholesome thing for inward thought,
But not for mutual speech, dear heart.

Oh! long may Azrael leave us twain unsought;
But when he comes, I pray, not thine the part,
Lorn lingerer in years with sadness fraught,
To scent new-broken earth with such a start
And pang of loss as June's sweet breezes brought
To me to-night, dear heart.

THE CITADEL

IN dust of petty war
My plume to-day was trailed:
With barbs that pricked me sore
My enemy assailed,
And for the nonce prevailed.
'Twas *his* day, I admit.
But now the west has paled
And here's an end of it.

My enemy—the fool!—
Believes me beaten well.
With boasts and ridicule
His conquest let him tell;
But when the shadows fell
I rose up and withdrew
To this my citadel—
The quiet night and you!

Another day awaits
Beyond the orient rim;
But, ere it opes its gates,
Your love shall mend my vim;
One day's defeat shall dim

Your faith in me no whit.
  This day belonged to him,
But here's an end of it.

How fatuous this foe,
  Who wars in street and mart
And hopes to lay me low,
  Yet hath no venomed dart,
  Howe'er it bite and smart,
To strike his hate unto
  This stronghold of my heart—
The quiet night and you!

A SONG FOR AUGUST

HERE'S the year on the wane.
There are signs in the sky,
In the woods, on the plain,
That its noon has gone by.
But the harvest's to gain
And the cool nights are nigh,
When the year's on the wane.

Here's the year on the wane.
There's a hawk in the blue;
In the wheat a red stain
Where the poppy peeps through.
But there's bread in the grain
And there's warmth o' love, too,
When the year's on the wane.

Here's the year on the wane.
From the night-shrouded hill,
Comes the katydid's strain,
And the wind's whistle shrill.
But two hearts may contain
All the spring's music still,
When the year's on the wane.

LOVE IS ETERNAL

LOVE is eternal. It never can die.
Though we lull it with laughter or drug it with sorrow,
Not the primeval sea, not the sun in the sky,
Not the reaches of space are so sure of a morrow.
As the waters of ocean in vapor ascending,
Then in rain-nourished streams through the green valleys wending
Have the ocean again for their ultimate winning,
Shall not Love, through all changes, move on to its ending
In the bosom of God, whence it had its beginning?

Love is immortal. It is not of earth.
Though ill fortune retard it, dear, what does it matter?
Shall a harvest of roses be deemed of no worth
When the taint of each canker is purged in the attar?
If earth's waters are purest through heaven's refining,

Shall the ills of this world chill our love with repining?
Here we sow, but not here reap the meed of endeavor,
For the fruits of our love, past all human divining,
In the bosom of God we shall harvest forever.

THE QUEEN'S FLEETS

TAKE for thy throne, my queen, this niche my hand
Hath carved for thee,
Here in the gray breast of this dune of sand
That fronts the sea.
In sovereign state aloof, the solitude
Hedging thee round, as once thy maidenhood,
Make me no partner of thy thought or speech
This hour when day and darkness meet,
But count me merely jetsam of the beach,
Here at thy feet.

It is mute beauty's hour. No late bird sings;
Voiceless, serene,
The sea dreams; Silence holds all lovely things—
And thou art queen!
For Silence, in the twilight's gold and red
Behind thee, sets a crown upon thy head.
Send forth, O Queen, thy fleets upon the main,
Send forth thy daring fleets of thought,
And let me wait to hail them home again
With riches fraught.

By Fancy captained, send thy fleets afar
To win the sea;
Send them to know what spoils in ocean are,
What mystery,
What beauty in all things that "suffered change"
In coral caves to "something rich and strange."
Then bring them home and I with kingly might
Will take their treasure, as it lies
Safe-harbored in the starlit, purple night
Of thy dear eyes.

THE LIVING-ROOM

HERE throbs the home's deep heart!
From these four walls the full, warm spirits start,
Pulse through the halls, return, and richest bloom
In this small room.
For all who gather here when day is done,
But, most of all, for her, the central One,
Whose great love to the whole doth warmth impart,
As to the lesser planets doth the Sun,
Here throbs the home's deep heart.

This is a Queen's domain,
And all her subjects, happy in her reign,
Pray God she may, with her sweet woman's grace,
Long bless this place.
This is her court. The little airs that stir
About the room are eloquent of her.
Each senseless thing whereon her hand hath lain
Becomes in its own way a courtier.
This is a Queen's domain!

This is a holy spot.
Ah! pity for the man who knows it not!
But peace and holy calm, the light o' love
Knows nothing of,
The Queen's mate hath, when in the quiet night
He broods alone beside his ingle's light.
He knows, when all his heart burns pure and hot
With thoughts too sweet to speak aloud or write,
This is a holy spot!

A SONG FOR NOVEMBER

A GRAY old hag, in cloak and hood
Of somber gray,
Gleaning gray twigs and bits of wood
At close of day,
November creeps across the land.
Yet magic gifts are in her hand—
Her fagots cold need but a spark
And hearth-stone room,
And warmth of June from out the dark
Will burst to bloom.

Of foster-mothers tenderest,
Close-harboring
Earth's sleeping seeds within her breast
Until the spring,
Let gray November clasp the land.
Yet from her lean but kindly hand
Let us, dear heart, her fagots take,
And on this stone
A warm and cheery June-time make;
Our own, our own!

TO THE INCONSTANT

YE are the dullards, and not I,
Ye conscienceless philanderers!
From one love to the next ye fly
And are forever wanderers.
O! poor, blind votaries of the chase,
Ye deem me coldly dutiful
Who, steadfast, watch one love-lit face
Grow year by year more beautiful!

Each new love lives in your desire
For but a moment's cherishing;
Your passion is a smouldering fire
That is forever perishing,
That, seeking change, hath only found
The ashes of satiety—
While mine hath but begun to sound
Its one love's sweet variety!

THE GATES OF PARADISE

THE gates of Paradise are double,
And they are blue;
Blue as the skies when no clouds trouble
Their perfect hue;
Blue as the calm face of the ocean
When winds are still,
And sunlight only is in motion
To work its will.
When skies are dull, the sea is lonely
And moans or sleeps;
The quick winds or the warm sun only
May stir its deeps.

The gates of Paradise are double,
And they are blue;
They ope to love, but cold, gray trouble
Will clang them to.
Lord, give me strength that I who love them
May live aright,
And spread no tristful clouds above them
To dim their light.
By other paths may other mortals
Win Paradise,
But keep for me its clearest portals
In her pure eyes.

NOVEMBER

JUNE is sweet, for then I found thee;
But November, gray and cold,
Weaves warm memories around thee,
Spun of gold.

June a rose-time we remember,
Ere the boy became the man;
But in earnest with November
Life began.

Still I see thee, as we threaded
Gray woods under grayer skies;
Strange new hopes and fears were wedded
In thine eyes.

And when these had been translated
Into awed and reverent speech,
Stronglier then our souls were mated
Each with each.

Deep with vernal promise laden,
As with buds the leafless wood,
Here was blossoming of the maiden—
Womanhood.

Rich the memories now that hover
'Round that day when Life began,
And the lightheart boy, thy lover,
Was a man.

THE MAN'S PRAYER

WHEN all is still within these walls,
And Thy sweet sleep through darkness falls
On little hearts that trust in me,
However bitter toil may be,
For length of days, O Lord! on Thee,
My spirit calls.

Their daily need by day enthralls
My hand and brain, but when night falls
And leaves the questioning spirit free
To brood upon the days to be,
For time and strength, O Lord! on Thee
My spirit calls.

A SONG FOR DECEMBER

AUTUMN'S fruits are gathered in
And the birds have taken wing,
What of pleasure's left to win
After song and harvesting?
Winter hath its own delight,
Garnering in fields of snow
Berries red and berries white—
Holly and the mistletoe!

So come, come along!
Winter's winds shall swell our song,
While with shouts and merry din
Cómes the Yuletide harvest in!

Age hath reaped its youth and prime
And the blood stirs cold and thin,
What for Age hath winter-time?
What of pleasure's left to win?
Harvests still of rare delight,
Joys that once it used to know;
Berries red and berries white—
Holly and the mistletoe!

Come, Age, come and sit
Where the cheery hearth is lit,
While the young with merry din
Drag the Yuletide harvest in!

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